



Dear Readers - it was with a certain amount of trepidation that I received the mantle of Editor, as I had not been involved with a "real" magazine before. Any success will be entirely owing to my very stalwart, kindly and thoughtful helpers. I would like to thank Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Dickey for their typing, and Mr. Fallows for his advice and artistic enterprise.

This year's magazine is again impressively printed by Simon Wickens, but we have been able to combine both school and anthology material in one edition. I do hope you will all find something of interest in the varied articles - my thanks are also due to all the pupils who (possibly unknowingly!) have contributed such entertaining examples of their literary talent.

M.A.D.

Cover - Rachel Hopkins 6, Herschel

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HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

There could have been very few new Grammar Schools beginning their existence in September 1982, when Upton Grammar School emerged in place of Slough High and Slough Grammar Schools.

The number of pupils on our roll was 291 girls and 524 boys, which included 229 Sixth Formers.

We have been forced to operate a split-site School for this first year. The 3rd, 5th and Upper Sixth girls continued at Twinches Lane whilst the remaining girls joined the boys at Lascelles Road. The distribution of numbers has meant that the main centre of activity is at Lascelles Road, and unfortunately the 2½ miles between the sites has restricted joint activities. Although it will be a tight squeeze we look forward very much to having all our members together on the one site this September.

The limited alterations to our permanent buildings have been carried out to a pleasing standard. They comprise the Home Economics and Textile rooms, the Boys' and Girls' toilets and cloakrooms, Girls' changing rooms and Staff toilets. However real difficulties were experienced when the additional temporary accommodation was not delivered in time for the start of the School year. Then a little later we discovered the temporary buildings were not rain-proof and all had to be re-roofed. Soon afterwards, the heating boilers started to go wrong. We really knew we were involved in a merger!

It is remarkable how quickly we have adjusted to our new name. There has been a determined effort on the part of all concerned to put the School 'on the map'. Our wide extra curricular activities and marked success in competitions and sport have all contributed in attracting attention to newcomer Upton Grammar. It takes time to build up a School's reputation to the levels enjoyed by our illustrious predecessors, but real progress has been made and a great deal achieved in a very short time. This you will see from the reports in this magazine, and I do congratulate pupils and Staff. There is still much to do, and I sincerely hope we are allowed to do it and not obliged to face further re-organisation and the inevitable upheaval.

In September 1982 members of Staff who had formerly served in the High School or the Grammar School were joined by five new colleagues, Miss F.M. MacDonald, Mrs. S.H.A. Massen, Mr. T.C. Cuthbert, Miss W.T. Okon and Mr. P.J. Ellis.

Miss MacDonald, now Mrs. Senior, is Head of our Home Economics and came from Little Heath School, Tilehurst. Her appointment was necessitated by the sad death of Miss Trennery just prior to the merger.

Mrs. Massen who joined our Biology Department has held responsible posts and taught at Slough High School before taking several years off to care for her family.

Mr. Cuthbert comes to teach Geography and has trained at Liverpool and London Universities.

Miss Okon is with us part-time, teaching French and Latin. She qualified at Leicester and Reading Universities.

Mr. Ellis teaches Woodwork part-time. He recently retired as Head of Craft Department at Churchmead School.

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

Our first loss on the Staff was Mr. E.W. Rees, who left at the end of the Autumn Term to return to a career in Insurance. Mr. Rees was appointed in 1967 as Head of Religious Education at Slough Grammar School.

At the end of the Spring Term we said farewell to Miss A.K. Waller. Miss Waller had served Slough High School enthusiastically since her appointment as Head of Music in 1970. She goes to the Frances Bardsley School for Girls, Romford, Essex as Head of Music Department.

We wish both Mr. Rees and Miss Waller every happiness and success in their new posts and thank them for all they have done at Slough.

The Reverend M.J. Thistlewood has been appointed to replace Mr. Rees. Reverend Thistlewood taught at Bemrose School, Derby, and immediately prior to joining us was Vicar of St. Andrew and St. Osmunds, Derby.

Sadly I have to report the death of the School Caretaker Mr. Charles Sparrow on 1st January 1983. Mr. Sparrow came to Slough Grammar School 17 years ago. A genuine and likeable character, and a craftsman of some ability, he served the School well. We are extremely fortunate to have a first class successor in Mr. R.T.G. Barnes. Mr. Barnes has been Caretaker of Slough High School for many years and we are pleased to welcome him to Lascelles Road.

Each year we benefit from the presence of our Modern Language Assistants. We thank Fraulein Rettinger, Mlle. Brun and Senor Mate Mate for their help and wish them very successful careers.

Faced with a changing and very challenging situation our senior students led by Head Boy Kanwal Nischal and Head Girl Mary Mullix have emerged with flying colours. Kanwal has handled the increased 'load' at Lascelles Road with intelligence and tact, and has still found time for his play production etc. Mary has coped effectively with a different but equally important task at Twinches Lane. With no Lower Sixth members available to share responsibilities the Prefects there have had an unusually long and demanding term of office.

We congratulate last Summer's 'O' and 'A' level candidates on their pleasing results. In the 'O' levels the Fifth Formers achieved an average of 6.4 passes at Grade C or better, and at 'A' level the pass rate was almost 80%.

We were delighted when John Foley gained a place to read History at Lady Margaret's Hall, Oxford, and also when Jacqueline Taylor was awarded her Choral Scholarship to the Royal Holloway College.

There was general agreement that the Reunior Luncheon of last June was much enjoyed, and many have asked when we will be holding another. 1986 would appear to be an appropriate year when the Lascelles Road building will celebrate its 50th year.

However there will be an opportunity this year for Old Paludians to gather for a special occasion on the 25th anniversary of the opening of their fine Clubhouse at Taplow.

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

The new Parents' Association held its first General Meeting on 14th October when Mr. J. Enoch was elected Chairman. Fewer Parents' Association activities have taken place this year but I am grateful to the Parents for their concern and splendid support for the School.

In conclusion my thanks to all our Governors, Staff and Students who have worked so hard to ensure Upton Grammar School got off to a good start.

G.H. Painter.

Head Master

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REPORT FROM THE ANNEKE

Life at Twinchies Lane has been rather odd this year. Girls have worked steadily and well on the whole and have learnt to be more self-reliant.

Although we are so few strangely the level of noise does not seem to have dropped, perhaps because the echo has been greater. Few of us venture down the junior corridor as it used to be called where the locked and empty classrooms are.

We have certainly missed the Second, Fourth and Lower Sixth forms and while we have had choir, games and House practices of various kinds we have not had the fun of the lunch-time entertainments we have enjoyed in other years from which our Good Causes benefited. We can look forward to reviving them perhaps.

However, we did much enjoy the entertainment devised by Mrs. Moynihan and Miss Waller last Christmas together with our Christmas and Easter services.

As the Staff have had to move between the two sites it has been a great relief to know that stability has been provided by the School office and we should all like to say thank you to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Dickey who work so hard for our welfare there. We should also like to thank Mrs. Whitrod and her staff, Mr. Barnes and his staff too.

We shall not feel strangers when we gather at Lascelles Road for Mr. Painter has taken Assembly once a week and joint House Assemblies have been an innovation.

We wish Miss Waller well in her new post and thank her for all she has done for the School.

Finally as we bid Twinchies Lane a most affectionate farewell let us look forward to being one school again at Lascelles Road.

S.M. Saunderson.

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GETTING OVER THERE.

It was a glorious Sunday morning. There was so little wind that not one of the flags in the harbour could tell from which direction the wind was blowing. As I looked over the break-water out to the Solent, I could see that there was not even a ripple to disturb the water. It was ideal for waterskiing.

Simon joined me on deck, already in his wet suit. "Come on! we'd better get over there" he said.

We both went below and dragged my bewildered brother from his slumbers. Simon threw a wet suit across the cabin which landed in a pile on my brother. "Come on" said Simon, "let's get out there and do some skiing."

While Nigel struggled into his wet suit, Simon and I started getting the speed boats ready. Nigel appeared from below and passed down the necessary equipment, two pairs of skis, a mono ski, ski rope, and the biscuits. He then clambered into the boat like a wallowing hippo.

Soon we were speeding out of the harbour and racing along past the common. We anchored my boat and Nigel started the major task of climbing into Simon's glistening new fourteen foot boat.

"Get your ski on, Richard!" said Simon. "You're going to be the first ever to ski behind this." Tugging on the ski I sensed the excitement. I slipped into the water and my heart started pounding like a runaway horse.

The slack rope was taken up and just before giving the signal to go, everything that I had learned flashed through my mind: drag your back foot for balance, lean forward, arms straight, ski tip steady, grit your teeth and hope for the best!

"Hit it!" I shouted. The engine roared and the bow of the boat shot into the air and then levelled off as the boat started planing, with just the very bottom of the hull touching the water.

The drag was terrible. Suddenly, before I knew, there I was skimming over the surface with a huge plume of spray thrust out by the skeg. Everything was fine and I settled to enjoyment. My back foot leant slightly to the right and I went careering out across the wash, pulling my arms in to get that extra speed. Once at the peak distance, I let go with my right hand, leaned over to turn the ski, grabbed the rope again with my right hand and pulled my elbows back. The ski picked up and again I hit the wash as I went flying back and out to the left. Then we turned and headed back.

The water had drained out of my wet suit, and I was warm. I didn't want to get wet again so I prepared to land alongside the boat. Once I had let go of the rope I saw that I was travelling much too fast. I grabbed for the gunwhale of the boat to slow myself down: I could see my hand sliding down the gunwhale: then my hand went numb and there I was, hand caught against a cleat.

My first thought was to try to remove my hand from the cleat. The back of my hand slipped easily off the 'trident like' point, and, as I watched, the tendons from my fourth and little finger moved back together. They were pure white and looked like arteries that run through liver. Suddenly, blood flowed from the gash, almost as if a tap had been turned on.

contd....

GETTING OVER THERE. contd.

Simon returned. Holding up my hand I said "I've got to go now."

Speeding back to the harbour all I could see was the maroon fluid in pulses oozing out of the hole.

"Sorry! but I can't be spared to take you to hospital" said Ben, the harbour manager. "I have to stay here."

I stood on the quay with blood streaming onto the stones. Then Dave, the lifeboat coxswain, stepped forward. "I can't be spared either," he said quietly, "but come on: we'd better get over there."

Anon.

* * * * *

KNOWING SHADOWS.

Thunder and lightning ripped the sky in two and torrents of rain drowned the world below. The trees were bending in the strain of the howling wind and the blackened sky revealed little light to ease the plight of the young girl running along the barely visible road below. Her hair clung damply to the sides of her face and the edges of her coat, pulled back by the wind, revealed her now soaked, mud-splattered dress. She stopped, and bent double, she gasped trying to regain her breath, but hearing the rapidly approaching footsteps thudding along the road towards her she turned and ran on once more.

The heavy, thudding footsteps covering the ground at a monotonously regular pace belonged to a tall, rough looking man in his early thirties. He had thick, broad shoulders and a mean, determined expression on his face; a thin trickle of blood smudged his cheek where a recent wound made by a woman's long nails had left their mark. He tripped and swore lightly under his breath.

The girl, nearing exhaustion, stumbled around the bend of the road and with relief saw a large house set back a little from the lonely expanse of cold concrete which offered no-where to hide. She pulled herself up over the gate and half ran, half fell up the path to the large, solid front door. "They'll help me" she thought "they've got to. Maybe I can ring for a taxi please God let there be some-one there." It had only taken her a few seconds to reach the door, yet it seemed as if the path had stretched on and on for miles. Exhausted by her flight, she leaned heavily against the door as she pulled the bell.

To her amazement the door slowly creaked open to reveal a large entrance hall with high, painted ceilings and small galleried arches along one wall.

"Hello is there somebody inplease, can I"

She jumped as she heard her pursuer landing on the near side of the gate. Frantically, she looked for somewhere to run - "They won't mind" she thought again "I'll explain as soon as I find someone." She pushed the door as she tripped across the step but it was so heavy that it remained half ajar; the proximity of her pursuer pushed her further into the silent house.

contd....

KNOWING SHADOWS. contd.

She ran under the main arch -
"What the" some-one muttered from the shadows
"Sshhhh"

"What, who's there? Please, sorry to barge in like this.." She stood jerking her head from side to side trying to penetrate the darkness with her wide, frightened eyes to see who was there. "Must be the house" she thought. A door heavily clicked shut, a draft whistled in from the hall and somewhere something china smashed on the floor. The girl jumped, and slipping off her shoes, she turned and sped towards the stairs. Despite her light frame, they creaked as she passed over them.

At the top she stopped to catch her breath. Too many stairs even for a really large house; whoever the owner was they must be pretty fit. In the eerie glow behind her a faint shadow slowly crept across the wall ... she turned and screamed the shadow's arm rose, and fell abruptly. A body fell down the stairs and a heavy silence enveloped the house ...

"OK, Cut." The producer did not sound too happy. "You've got the scared look and everything Sarah but you mucked up the entrance. You still haven't learnt your lines properly either have you? OK, Bill go and put the dummy back in place we'll try again."

Suddenly a man appeared at the top of the stairs "What the heck's going on. There's been a heck of a rumpus out here and I still haven't heard any of my cues"

"James what the devil are you ..." The producer was silenced by Bill's strained voice cutting in:

"Hey you lot. This isn't the dummy, it's a girl!"

In the large, empty hall a tall rough looking man slunk silently out of the door and disappeared into the waiting shadows.

Alison Eady. 6, M

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SONNET ON PRISON

The dampness and darkness is icy cold.
Caged up like an animal sad, alone.
Shut off from the world, only thoughts of home.
The stagnant air as heavy as my heart.
Solitary I sit in my own world.
All day long in a corner I am curled.
The solemn silence mauls my mind apart,
Left to drown in my every thought,
My mind in a turmoil, going insane.
Alone in my blackness to sit and gaze.
A circle of fate for ever I'm caught
Nothing for me 'til the end of my days
Memories of home in my heart are pain.

Victoria Hartnell 2M

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BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP 1983 (through the eyes of the minibus)

So there I was, sitting in the small car park round the back of the school, staring at the canteen walls without a care in the world, when the silence was broken by nine shabbily-dressed human beings (or not in some cases) coming towards me lugging bags, suitcases and wellies behind them. Where could I be going to-day, I wondered? Montem? Datchet reservoir? "They said it would rain in Wales today", I heard someone say. Wales!!! Who in their right mind would want to go to Wales at a time like this? I had no say in the matter and anyway, I hadn't been abroad before. Once we hit the M4 it was easy going and I was able to relax and listen to the gossip in the back. I soon gathered that I was going to spend a week at a place called Dale Fort prison camp which was situated on the edge of a high cliff in Pembrokeshire!! At this stage I had better introduce the people I would be transporting to this "paradise" for the next 250 miles:

Mrs. Bowater: the undisputed boss of the expedition
Frank Bowater: chauffeur and husband of the above-mentioned boss.
Chris Seal: the over-enthusiastic karate expert.
Richard Beeston: the croupier of the group.
Paul Cullen: very handy with the camera.
Andrew Okolotowicz: the group idiot - also a foreigner.
Joy Suri: "Hi guys!"
Satinder Battoo: very interested in Shakespearean tragedies, eh Romeo?
Kanwal Nischal: whose snoring resembles the sound of my engine.

We arrived at our destination in the early evening and I was parked close to the edge of the cliff outside the main fort gates. Every day I saw groups of people going for hikes dressed as though they were going to appear in commercials for Fish Fingers - dressed in yellow water-proof jackets and trousers and complete with wellies, rucksacks, flasks and sarnie boxes. As I watched our heroes trudge out in the mornings, I gathered the following info:

1. They were accommodated in centrally-heated double rooms in the new block.
2. They were underfed but the food was acceptable.
3. Their tutor's name was Juliet (enter Satinder).
4. They had to get up at 7.30 a.m. and work HARD until 10 p.m.
5. In addition they had to do homework!
6. On their various expeditions they had to count snails and limpets, climb cliffs in wellies, wade into estuaries and go on 12 mile hikes!!

So from what I gather, I had the best job of all - staring at Milford Haven and doing nothing else - oh, sorry, I had to transport them to the local - well, it was Mrs. B's birthday! And so they packed their bags and were off a week later, and it seems to me that despite the things mentioned above, it was a very enjoyable week. Anyway, see you next year!

FLP 306Y

P.S. This was translated into English by A.Okolotowicz, 6thM, who would also like to thank Mr. & Mrs. B. for their tolerance throughout the week, and also Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Steven for their much appreciated behind-the-scenes work.

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A DULL DAY

In the cold, calm morning I look around.
As the crisp frost covers the earth about,
Everything is soft not even a shout,
Dead leaves have fallen on the barren ground.
People who walk to work, rush as they go,
Suddenly the clouds roll over, snow falls.
As it falls it drifts against the dull, brick walls
The children cry, "Hooley! Here comes the snow!"
The start of winter arrives suddenly.
As the snow falls softly and lightly down
I glance out of the door and to my surprise
I see some children playing happily
They play joyfully with not even a frown.
The lakes and rivers start to turn to ice.

Simon New 2M

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THE WINTER SCENE

Three snow capped giants their vigil keep
Upon the snow filled valley deep
Winter's coat has covered all
So it's time for the town folk to have a ball.
On the ice the children are twirling
Whilst the men play a game known as curling
Below the bird that gently soars
A woman does her daily chores
The hunters start walking down the hill
Following their previous kill
Well as you can see it has been snowing
And this brings an end to my little poem.

Nathan Lowe 2Ha

* * * * *

WINTER

Miniature steam engines breathe in the air
Throwing snowballs, everywhere.
People do not care to speak,
After work, when the world is bleak.

An alien's arrived, in the garden next door,
A carrot is his nose, liquorice is his jaw.
He hasn't any feet, nor any hands,
He doesn't do anything, but he just stands.

Snow is falling, upon the ground,
Like a soft, white blanket, with not a sound.
Winter has called, at last, once more,
He came knocking at Nature's front door.

Helen Leavey 2G

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ONLY THE ANIMALS KNOW

Knowing Hunt's reputation, I had not relished the prospect of being his form tutor. His name alone was enough to bring looks of great apprehension onto the faces of the school prefects, and many of the teachers had long ago given up any hope of teaching him anything. Now they let him sit at the back of the class reading magazines, trying to ignore the suggestive pictures on the front, and the rude exclamations which tended to destroy the whole discipline of the class, as they surreptitiously tried to see what he was looking at.

I had tried to approach him with a neutral attitude, but I soon had to admit I could find nothing at all to like in the boy. His blatant rudeness, and sarcastic remarks made me burn with anger. I wished I could retort back, but the words never seemed to come and I was forced to return again and again to the punishment of detentions and lines. I felt useless, as angry with myself as with him. After a term and a half of reprimanding him for bullying, disrupting classes and scrawling rude remarks on walls, the final straw came when it was proved that he had been stealing money from the cloakrooms. There was not even a logical reason for him doing this, his family I knew were well off, and if anything he was given rather too much money than was suitable for a boy of his age. I was weary of defending him, and when the headmaster suggested suspending him indefinitely I raised no objections.

That evening as I drove up the gravel drive-way, I rehearsed what I was going to say to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. I felt almost sick with worry; I wished I had thought to have a large whisky before I had set out. As the car slowed to a stop, and I got out, an alsation came bounding towards me. As I watched it uneasily, I heard a low whistle from the bushes behind; the dog stopped in its tracks. As I turned to see where the whistle had come from, Hunt emerged from his hiding place.

"He'd have had you if I hadn't been around." There was a triumphant gleam in his eyes. I did not doubt him for a moment. Yet the hound was now lying docilely at Hunt's feet and as he turned back towards the bushes, so the dog followed at his heels.

"Is he yours?" I ventured. Hunt turned back, hesitantly.

"Sort of...Least,...'til we find 'im a new home, and I want to make sure his leg's properly better first." We were interrupted by the appearance of a small Jack Russell which came skipping, lop-sidedly on its three legs onto the driveway. Laughing Hunt scooped the dog up into his arms.

"The vet said this little one wouldn't ever recover." He looked at me triumphantly. "Nothing wrong with him now, is there." Knowing he was being talked about the lively little dog started licking Hunt's face. I was beginning to understand.

Round the back of the house, Hunt led me into a small shed. Inside there were two birdcages, one housing a bright green parrot, the other a somewhat scrawny budgie, and stretched out in front of a small electric fire on a pile of soft blankets was a tabby cat, its front legs both heavily bandaged.

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ONLY THE ANIMALS KNOW cont'd

"Shouldn't that cat be at the vet's?" I suggested.

"Oh, he knows I can look after her. I'll take her back to have her bandages off on Wednesday. She'll be walking again soon!" And as he spoke he stroked the cat's head tenderly.

I saw him in a new light.

The education people decided to give Hunt one last chance, so back to school he came. However to my disappointment his behaviour was as bad as ever, and if anything he was even ruder to me than before. Within a month it was all decided and Hunt walked out of school for the last time. I just did not understand it. How could anyone have such a split personality? Then about a month later, I found the explanation I had been searching for. I had approached one of Hunt's old school-mates.

"Do you ever see anything of old Hunt?" I asked. He looked at me in surprise.

"'Course not sir. He doesn't want us round there, does he? He's got his friends; his bloomin' animals." He looked at me, and laughed- "They're the only ones who understand him!"

Katie Froud 6₁M



PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

As Chairman of the Upton Grammar School Parents' Association I would like to thank the Committee for the past year. It has been a difficult year. Unfortunately, owing to lack of support, our Christmas Party was cancelled but a Disco held on the 19th March 1983 was a great success and was followed by a Disco for the pupils only (no parents invited) on the night of the Annual Fete the 14th May 1983.

The Annual General Meeting in October 1982 was the formation of a Committee of parents of pupils of the Slough High School, parents from Slough Grammar and new parents of Upton Grammar. The Committee have worked very hard and praise must be given to the ladies who cater at all open evenings and functions within the School, requiring refreshments. We have also had great support this year from the young ladies in the School and thank them for their help.

The Fete was held on the 14th May and many new stalls were introduced, run by pupils of the School, the object of the Fete being to raise money for Audio Visual Teaching Aids, and the Activities Fund.

Our dance to welcome the parents of new entrants has been provisionally booked for the 24th September 1983. This is usually an enjoyable evening and an opportunity for new and existing members to meet.

Thank you all for your support, without which we could not function and we look forward to your continued support in the future.

JOHN ENOCH.

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OLD PALUDIANS (Boys Section).

Just as the School has recently undergone a change, so the Association formed many years ago to cater for the former pupils of Slough Secondary School, the forerunner of the Grammar and High Schools, finds the wheel turning in full circle, back to the Old Paludians of pre 1936, with a mixed membership. The Association divided at that time, but is now beginning to consider how best to come together again, and the thoughts of all those now at Upton Grammar are welcome in endeavouring to bring this about.

Facilities are at present available for soccer and cricket at the Old Pals sports ground at Berry Hill, Taplow, and we know some of you will already have visited us. The premises are ideal for social gatherings of all sorts for up to 100 people, and any enquiries can be made to Norman Wood, our Chairman, at 32 Wavell Road, Maidenhead (Tel: Maidenhead 76745).

We are very keen to see new members and to listen to new ideas - both are more than welcome.

J.M. MABBOTT.

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THE OLD PALUDIANS ASSOCIATION (GIRLS SECTION)

The Old Paludians Association (Girls Section) was formed in 1936 when Slough Secondary School was divided to provide single-sex education. The Old Paludians then in existence preferred to cater exclusively for the alumni of the Grammar School, leaving the Old Girls of the Secondary School to establish their own association. Since they regarded themselves as Old Paludians they could see no reason why they should not share the name, but adding 'Girls Section' when appropriate; it was understood that the Grammar School Branch would add 'Boys Section' when necessary.

The first meetings of the committee of the new association were held in the Autumn of 1936 under the guidance of Miss J.M. Crawford, the new Headmistress, comprising Old Girls and Staff. The committee minutes are very brief for this period, but they do mention a House Supper in 1937, to follow the tradition of the old Association. Some of the names which appeared in the attendance book for that House Supper are still appearing regularly in the attendance records for our recent Reunions.

Over the years there have been many social and sporting activities, but for a variety of reasons these have ceased to be supported. There is one event, however, which has continued to be much appreciated by the members. This is the Annual Reunion and A.G.M. which grew out of the first House Supper and has been held every year since 1937. Records show that by 1947 it was held on a Saturday in March, on the School premises. The attendance rarely drops below 80 and in 1982 and 1983 reached 200-400. The present committee plans to continue with this event, and with the Headmaster's permission, to hold it at Lascelles Road.

Since 1951 we have published a newsletter in February/March of each year, and in this we try to include news of Old Girls as well as School news. It is used as a means of keeping in touch and also of reminding members of the forthcoming Annual Reunion. In the past it has also been sent to those school leavers who have expressed a wish to receive it. Here it has served as a reminder, some months after leaving school, of our existence and given them a chance to join the Association. The annual subscription of 50p is a modest one for the student.

These are all details of our past and we hope some of our future. The stalwarts of 1936 still considered themselves as members of a joint School, and we in our turn still feel members of two segregated schools, so the old pupils of a mixed Upton Grammar School should soon feel that they are all members of a mixed Old Paludians.

Barbara Rigby (nee Kent)

Secretary, Old Paludians (Girls Section)

* * * * *

I KNEW JUST HOW HE FELT.

Darren stood in the front doorway, with his small suitcase in one hand, and his head bent towards the ground as though he were ashamed of being one of Hitler's homeless victims. I was as nervous of housing an evacuee as he was of being one, and with all the bluntness and lack of tact that only an adult can express to a young child, I assured him that there were no "nasty bombs" where I lived. It had been as a result of one of these "nasty bombs" that Darren's parents had ceased to exist, and with a mixed amount of horror and anxiety, I watched his small, worried face break down, and give way to a flood of tears.

Suddenly, I knew just how he felt. Admittedly it was some years since I had experienced such a shattering blow to my small world, but none the less, that bewildering feeling that absolutely no-one understood, was as real to me then, as it had been thirty years ago. I had lost my parents when I was very small, and somehow, Darren managed to sum up my feelings towards my first foster parents, in his loud sobs, and sad, almost adult face.

I could remember, most of all, the questions that were fired at me. There were so many pointless enquiries about my health, and well-meaning comments about my clothes. I tried to gear my vivid memories in a direction which might help Darren. He needed the sort of sympathy that I had craved for on that dismal morning, years ago.

I remembered the ridiculous tone of voice that everyone used, when addressing me. It had given me an urge to scream, shout or throw something through the window. However, being a mere child, my frustrations would have been labelled as tantrums, or even arrogance. I could also recollect the feeling that I was beholden to everyone, and I dared not ask for any sort of favour in case it was too much trouble. I could never understand how adults could be so completely out of touch with the young, as they must have been my age once. It had seemed remarkable that there was such a lack of understanding between myself and the "grown-ups", and so I vowed not to let Darren feel this way.

But as I stood, watching this small, confused boy, I tried to work out a way by which we could understand each other, to avoid the frustration I had felt in his position. It was easy to realise the sort of attention he would not want, but I could see no way of offering any acceptable sympathy. In an effort not to let him feel neglected I bent down and put my arm around him. The crying continued. It was no use; I was the same as any other adult to him; well meaning, but totally blind to his needs as a young person.

We remained on the doorstep, silent and uneasy with each other. Suddenly Darren gritted his teeth. Then with all the force that was in him, he hurled his suitcase in the direction of the greenhouse. There was a splintering sound of breaking glass and Darren sank weakly on to the doorstep. Then I knew that we understood each other.

Carole Haswell. 5S.

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THE HUNTER

The Ship moved silently through the sea
So silently. So silently.
The scene looked so peaceful.
But the atmosphere was tense;
The men on board looked around the water,
Searching for their harmless prey.
A blue whale was spotted astern.
The ship began to turn.
The Captain said, "Full steam ahead!"
And the hunter sailed on.
"Only one hundred yards to go," one of the crew shouted.
"Aim when ready", the Captain replied.
Bang! Bang! Bang!
The harpoons shot their deadly talons,
Into the whale's back.
The whale cried out, in pain,
As blood rushed from its back.
It slowly died in agony
In agony, In agony!

Rupert Gilman 4He.

* * * * *

THE GREEN MEN

"Mother, why do the green men come up the road?
And why do they head up here?"
"Now do not worry my little babe,
For there is nothing to fear."

"Mother, why do the green men come to the door?
And why do they smash it in?"
"Now do not worry my little babe,
For they shall not come in."

"Mother, why do the green men come in here?
And why do they hold onto Dad?"
"Now do not worry my little babe,
For there is no reason to be sad."

"Mother, why do the green men hit him so?
And why does he not cry out?"
"Now do not worry my little babe,
For there is no reason to shout."

"Mother, why do the green men take Dad away?
And why does he not wave goodbye?"
"Now do not worry my little babe,
For there is no reason to cry."

Jonathan Baker 4He

* * * * *

MUSIC 1982-1983

In March, a Spring Concert was given by the Music Society. The programme consisted of a variety of entertaining items. The Orchestra played three pieces from Handel's "Music for the Royal Fireworks", and two from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; other composers were Bizet, Offenbach, Dvorak, Beethoven and Khachaturian. Andrew Watts played the first and second Movements from Mozart's "Clarinet Quintet", accompanied by Miss Anne Waller at the piano. Mr. Bruce Redknapp presented two guitar pieces. Robert Whale's violin piece was accompanied by Mr. Neville Bower, at the piano, who also accompanied Tim Hall's vocal solo.

The members of the Orchestra were as follows -

<u>Violins</u>	<u>Flutes</u>	<u>Trumpets</u>
R. Whale	Caroline Raven	D. Merritt
J. Stevens	Carol Leavey	Karen Blackford
I. Gauld	Helen Leavey	
M. Bernardi		
<u>Percussion</u>	<u>Clarinets</u>	<u>Horn</u>
T. Hall	J. Gouldstone	D. Roddick
J. Whitehead	A. Watts	
P. Little	J. Hawkins	
	Deborah Lee	
<u>Pianos</u>		
Samantha Buckley		
Amanda Taylor		

Conducted by: Mr. Neville Bower

We wish to congratulate those who were successful in their music examinations this year and in particular the following who achieved either merit or distinction:

Michael Bolton	Piano	Grade 1	- Merit
Andrew Watts	Piano	Grade V	- Merit
Rebecca Cheshire	Piano	Grade V111	Distinction
Andrew Watts	Clarinet	Grade V1	- Distinction
Saras Seth	Violin	Grade 11	- Merit

Tim Hall and Andrew Watts both achieved high marks in their Grade V Theory examinations.

At the Slough Arts Festival, Andrew Watts gained a Gold Medal for solo song and a Silver Medal for clarinet. To date, he has reached the last three in the final of the All-England Arts Festival, for singing. *

Jacqui Taylor not only achieved Distinction at Grade V111 - Singing - but was awarded a Scholarship to read Music and Mathematics at Royal Holloway College.

*Stop Press: Andrew came first!

THE WILD THING AT WESTCHURCH.

No-one knew why the Earl of Harway kept a private zoo, least of all those who knew him best. He had imported from Africa all kinds of strange beasts. A huge animal called an elephant, with a nose as high as a man. A black and white striped pony, a horse-like giant with a neck like a ship's mast: and even little men covered in coarse hair, who spent all their time chattering to themselves and eating fruit.

The Earl and his guests were delighted by these, but their favourites were the lions, as big as two men, but as strong as five. They were huge yellow-brown cats who could, between them, eat a sheep in five minutes.

Perhaps Earl Harway should have paid his servants better. One night, one of the lions ran at its fence, the only thing between them and freedom. The gate was unlocked. The lion was free.

He found shelter in a copse on the knoll at Westchurch, not far from Gloucester. From here it preyed on the local farmers' sheep. It could have continued this existence indefinitely, had it not chanced upon a small child playing in a field. Why ignore a meal when it is sitting right in front of you?

The disappearance of a small child alerted the villagers. A fox could take a sheep if the old wives' tales were true, but a child? Only a dragon or other such beast could do such a thing!

So a group of farm labourers armed with pitch-forks set off in the direction of the wood, where the beast appeared to live.

In the wood after much searching, they saw what looked like a yellow log. They approached it; the log roared and stood up. The beast was not a dragon, but "The Godfrey Lion". The men were so terrified that they could not get back to the village fast enough. The only lion they had ever seen before was on the Crest of Sir Thomas Godfrey, once a big landowner in the village.

John Thomas, a Canon from Gloucester, was sent for. He went bravely into the woods, armed with only a wooden Crucifix, cheerful that soon he would be able to strike a blow against Satan. After two hours he saw it, its eyes blazing, hating green holes on its terrible face - it was truly Satan

When John Thomas did not return, no-one would venture anywhere near the copse. The devil was most definitely hiding on the hill.

Stories began to grow. One said that the lion guarded the entrance to hell on the knoll. Others said that the lion was a huge dragon, breathing fire. Another story said that it was a huge foreign beast, twenty feet high and thirty feet long with long dagger teeth.

Eventually these stories spread to London, to William Fitzroy and his brother John, just home from Africa. Despite the strangeness of the tales, John Fitzroy at once recognised the beast as a lion. They travelled to Westchurch immediately. Despite mutterings about John being in league with the devil, a few of the braver farm labourers followed him to the copse on the knoll. The men waited for a long time. At last a rustle in the bracken was heard. John aimed his musket and fired. The lead ball pierced the lion's brain - it fell dead.

Contd...

THE WILD THING AT WESTCHURCH. Contd.

Later, John asked: "I've sailed to Africa a couple of times, and I've seen natives half your size kill a lion half as big again as this one with a wooden spear, and yet these people were terrified by a single lion. Why?" William however knew the answer.

"It wasn't the lion that they were afraid of, the monster was their own imagination, a more fearsome monster than anything that ever lived in this world."

Mark Instone. 3C.

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IN THE SHADOWS.

The French Cathedral loomed up above the darkening skyline. Evening was falling as Christian and David stood by the telephone box, and a decision had been made to phone home just to let their parents know that nothing unfortunate had befallen them on their travels. The Cathedral presented a feeling of tranquillity. People wandered, leisurely, along the shop fronts; everything was peaceful as if one stood inside the very heart of the church. All that could be heard was an occasional car horn sounding far off.

The peaceful night was suddenly interrupted when Christian turned to answer a call from behind. He was confronted with a rough faced French boy, much older than he, and bigger. In his dirty hand he clenched a knife; its sharpness glinted under the light from the overhead street lamp. The boy moved uneasily, tense, as if he might be found out at any moment. He looked very angry; his eyes gave a piercing look as if he was going to revenge something. Shock more than anything else swept across Christian's mind. He tried to figure out what he might want. Did he want money? Was it purely for the sick kick of inflicting fear and pain? He moved forward with eager anticipation and waved the knife in front of them.

"Monnaie! Monnaie!" he slurred in his groggy French accent and brandished the knife before them, pointing at their pockets. Should they run? or call for help? These thoughts entered their minds as they looked at each other blankly. He came nearer; the fear of being slashed with a knife became more prominent. They were helpless. Some teenagers crossed the road quickly; they had no wish to be involved in a street mugging. The Cathedral stood still, silent, unmoved by the violence which was occurring beneath the steps. They were alone, helpless in a foreign country unable to obtain assistance.

Nervously the two boys emptied their pockets. The boy stared at Christian and David, then stepping back spat at them, gave a malicious grin and turned running off into the dark shadows. The two boys stood dumbfounded, unable to take in what had just passed. Then Christian spoke.

"W - Wh - What do we do now!?", he exclaimed, but David didn't reply; he was still in a state of shock and bewilderment.

"The police, we must go to the police for help" Christian continued. The boys consulted a city map, then made their way towards the station, looking at everybody as if they were potential muggers. Their nerves grew as they made their way through the dimly lit streets, past the dark

Contd....



IN THE SHADOWS. Contd.

menacing shadows. The street suddenly opened out into a square where, standing proudly in the corner, they saw the Police Station. Christian went to the desk and found a fat constable seated behind it. He glanced up with a careless expression. David spoke, his French very poor.

"Excusez moi," he began and tried his best to explain. The officer started in a heavy voice, completely confusing to David, as he stood with a blank expression. The officer groaned, and left the boys, who stood surrounded by the cold and uninviting walls of the Station. They felt a sense of abandonment creep over them; nobody offered any real help to them. The fat officer returned with a tall and bored looking man; he was the station interpreter and his voice was strained with his pronunciation of the English words.

"What exactly happened?" he began and the boys replied together: "We were robbed, mugged, held at knifepoint at the Cathedral!" The officer looked at his fat colleague and heaved a heavy sigh. He began again "What was - er - the - er mugger like?" he said stumbling over the vocabulary. "He was broad, dirty and ever so horrible!" the boys exclaimed. The officer got up and asked the boys to follow him. He led them through a maze of corridors and staircases and eventually into a room full of filing cabinets. He took from one of them some books containing photographs of criminals. The boys began, eagerly to look through them, while the officer sat, in a very easy manner, as if this had no bearing on his job, it was just a formality to him. The boys sat back. They had found nobody to fit the description of the mugger and they felt very disappointed. The officer said that there was no more he could do now, for he had no evidence to go on. Christian and David felt very frustrated and bitter as they made their way out of the Station. Nobody had shown any sympathy or even concern. They left angry at the apathy of the Police. The police officer had discarded them. The boys were on their own, in the darkness, in a foreign country and with nobody to turn to.

From a few streets away, the Cathedral began its evening chimes.

P. Boxall 62

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THE OLD WOMAN

The old woman.
She walks down the street
Aided by her gnarled walking stick.
Her face is a history book;
Every wrinkle has a tale to tell.
Her eyes are pools of lost memories
Twinkling with much knowledge.
She has a bottle of gin,
Clutched by worn, old hands.
The dress she wears was once a summer dress,
Now a pile of rags around a fragile body.
She turns around and looks at me.
I try not to stare.
She turns back,
A tear rolls down her face,
And falls onto her burdened shoulder.

Lisa Speed 3M

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PUBLIC SPEAKING: YOUTH SPEAKS.

This Rotary-run contest attracts more and more teams each year and competition becomes commensurably fiercer. We are therefore very pleased with our teams' efforts.

The Junior team which comprises Nick Banurji, Khalid Barakat and Sreenivas Darigala did very well indeed as outright winners of the first round and a very close second in the semi-finals, when they competed against some fourteen other teams from southern Counties. Nick took a semi-serious view of television advertising in his speech "Your money - at risk!". The speech was very well received by the panel of judges and drew much applause from the audience. He is to be congratulated on his efforts, as are Khalid who acted as Chairman and Sreenivas who proposed the vote of thanks. Team work was excellent throughout.

Our Senior team was less fortunate. Lynda Flynn, the main speaker, who spoke on the horrors of gardening and gardening experts, was ably supported by Manmohan Biring and Dilantha Goonetillake. They, too, are to be congratulated on their gallant (alas! unrewarded) efforts.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. Fallows who encouraged us all.

O.H.

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JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB.

The formation of Upton Grammar School as a co-educational establishment has many advantages; perhaps not the least are the increased opportunities offered to those pupils and staff interested in Drama. This, then, seemed an appropriate time to introduce a Junior Drama Club.

The response from the second forms was encouraging; the number attending the first meeting made it necessary to split the group, with different houses attending on alternative weeks. This enthusiasm has continued in the energy and enjoyment with which the members of the club undertook the various exercises; we have seen most convincing wax-models, demon-barbers and evil witches. One of our most successful meetings included an entertaining and lively demonstration of fencing by David Beckett and David Merritt. Perhaps the real proof of the value of the Junior Drama Club was seen in the delightful performance of some of its members in "Ernie's Incredible Illusions". After such a successful start the club is sure to thrive.

A.K. Orchard.

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GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

Last year the Slough Grammar team met the eventual County winners, Desborough, in the first round, so we made no further progress. This year the Upton Grammar team performed excellently and reached the County final.

In the early rounds the school had a bye against Langleywood, who never put out a team, then travelled to Sandhurst School for a comfortable victory, where the school was sponsored to raise money for the R.N.I.B. We then travelled to Newbury where the school beat St. Bartholomew's, Miles Lawson winning the match by one point on the final question. The semi-final was an easier affair at home to another Newbury School, Thatcham.

In the final, however, we met our match against Emmbrook School, losing 59 points to 50 to a very strong team.

Miles Lawson (Captain), Mark Rees, Michael Ball, Mark Instone and Lizzie Seetharaman represented the school. Roland Hunt, Chris Salter and Arun Kochlar completed the squad. I would also like to thank those who supported and sponsored the team, often travelling some distance to do so.

A.M.

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MISS WALLER

Miss Waller was a member of the High School staff for eleven years and for two terms of Upton Grammar School. Her enthusiasm and ability to inspire staff and girls alike meant that we enjoyed many kinds of music-making, culminating in her production of 'Oliver'.

We remember with pleasure the choirs who sang in the Slough Arts Festival and at Eton College and productions such as 'Hansel & Gretel', 'Princess Ida' and 'The Magic Flute'.

Festivals such as Christmas, Easter and Harvest-tide were enhanced by a delightful variety of music from many ages.

Most people will recall also the music she composed for the staff on a variety of odd instruments from comb and paper to vacuum cleaner, which we performed at school concerts.

The girls appreciated the many outings to ballet and concerts organised for them also. They recognise the originality, care and dedication she gave to the other part of her work: Religious Education. Nor shall we easily forget our morning hymn played to be sung at a rattling pace!

We hope she will be very happy in her new post.

S.M.S.

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THE ROCK CONCERT

We formed into groups and began to rehearse and plan. There were three groups: KREASE (Bob Whale, J. Scott, N. Wood and A. Piggott - someone said their songs were by the Beatles or the Rolling Stones); UNDERWATER HOLOCAUST (J. Stephens, T. Hall, R. Atkins, S. Grace and R. Hunt) and FRIENDLY BOMBS (C. Maciejewski, M. Bonifaci, S. Kinasz). This last group formed, split up, reformed, split up and reformed about ten times that night. There were rumours that Julien Marszalek was part of the group but he must have left it that evening.

The equipment came during the day, bit by bit. Mr. Painter's assembly was flanked by two ominous speaker stacks. Eventually we began and the rest of us chewed our knuckles to the accompaniment of FRIENDLY BOMBS. There was to have been music between the bands but someone got caught in the speaker wires while hunting for the right funky shade of green filter paper. Next was the HOLOCAUST and then our leaders, KREASE. Once they had gone someone pushed Andy Cranston towards a drum kit with J. Scott crying "Please, NO! Why my drum kit?" Then T. Hall, S. Grace and J. Stephens leapt on stage, determined not to let him steal the show....having failed, they ended with a crash. As they said at Langley Grammar: "Upton Grammar's a real hip place 'cos they 'ave Rock Concerts there! Wow!"

T.H.

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THE RETREAT OF A RABBI

"Rabbi is leaving! We must celebrate!" was the feeling among the Sixth Form who had known this extraordinary R.E. teacher: and only an extravaganza could do justice to such a man. The combined talents of 6-2 would be needed to present a résumé of a man famous throughout the known universe for his heroic, sometimes even foolhardy acts.

This seemingly innocent man in fact led a double life. His teaching post was only a disguise for a dangerous rôle which involved dicing with death every day: his training in the ancient martial art of SALAMI helped him to a high position in the C.I.S and ultimately to membership of that highly effective elite, the S.A.S.

With strict security enforced throughout the school (keeping a low profile though) we invited all Mr. Rees's old flames to celebrate his retirement. Mr. Warren, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Bowater are to be thanked for letting their real identities become known. Thanks are also due to all of 6-2 involved.

All happiness to Mr. Rees in his 'retirement'. The irrepressible man has joined an underworld gang and is now their head of 'insurance'.... we can only wish him more success in his new exciting job.

S. LEYSHON (6-2 He) and
S. LEARMOUNT (6-2 Gray)

THE HURRICANE

We had just recently moved to Florida and so far during the three months we had been there, everything had been fine. We all loved the place and the people and everything had seemed so perfect.

The day was especially hot and so we spent most of the day swimming in our private pool. All morning there had been announcements on the radio of a hurricane coming, but we were not the slightest bit worried because it wasn't coming anywhere near us. But as the day drew on we noticed that it had become tranquil and very still. Then suddenly there came the announcement on the radio that the hurricane had changed direction and was heading towards our part of the coast. I had seen films of hurricanes before, but I had never experienced one so I felt very scared at what might happen. As soon as the announcement was made, everyone began to board up their windows and doors with wood and some people, who hadn't very strong houses gathered together in the local school, which was one of the strongest buildings in the area. We went to a friend's house which was further inland and quite high up where we could see everything that happened.

By this time the wind had become stronger and the storm was just beginning. All the boats which were out at sea had come in and were tied in the harbour and now they were bobbing up and down quite violently. The wind began to build up its strength and the palm trees were being bent so that their heads nearly touched the ground. Corrugated roofs were ripped off and thrown about and cars were being turned over onto their sides. By this time I was petrified and watching all that happened was sickening. The rain was now torrential and the wind helped it to beat against the window like pebbles.

The sea was no longer calm as it had been just a few hours ago. Now it was very rough and it began to sweep over the harbour and into the town smashing all obstacles in its way. Soon the town was flooded and everything was unrecognizable. Boats were smashed and planks of wood and masts could be seen bobbing up and down in the water, along with bottles, boxes, clothes, tins and other objects. Then to my horror I saw a small child being carried away in the water. She tried to hang on to a palm tree but her strength was no match for the wind and water and her screams could not be heard over the roar of the wind. I didn't see what happened to her as I couldn't bear to watch. Other people were being carried away as well. Some managed to survive the water but most drowned or were never seen again.

Suddenly the wind died down and the rain gradually stopped. The whole scene was one of destruction and the windows in our friend's house were shattered, so we began to clear up the mess as best we could. We still had to see what our house looked like, but we had no way of reaching it yet.

Everyone was relieved that the hurricane was over, but I still couldn't believe what had happened, it seemed so unreal and frightening. It was an experience that we'll never forget.

TINA HOLLOWAY 4C

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THE DOG THAT BIT THE HAND THAT FED IT.

It was late one Sunday night as David scrambled over the corrugated iron fence that surrounded the scrap-metal yard. In the shadow of a decomposing Austin/Morris he halted, and removed a brown paper parcel from his pocket. A kennel had been built in the yard and to reach it he dashed across a pool of yellow, shed by a street light. The occupant of the kennel, a large Doberman Pinscher, strained at the end of its anchor-chain like tether. Its bared teeth glistened white and saliva dripped from its open jaws. David's heart quailed as he stood illuminated in the light. His mind made up, David began to walk firmly towards the dog and stopped a yard from the snarling dog's muzzle. He unwrapped the parcel and dropped a large piece of steak at the dog's paws.

The dog tore hungrily into the meat and as it was preoccupied, David looped a length of rope around the dog's neck, and removed the chain. Guard-dogs are not trained to 'walkies' as David soon discovered when he attempted to take the dog to his 'safe-house'. For half a mile he hauled, pushed, towed and carried the dog to his father's allotment shed, gave it another lump of meat to keep it quiet and padlocked the door.

The next afternoon David wore a secretive smile on his face as he waited for Paul and Carol outside the school gate. David and Paul had walked home together after school for years and had been very close friends until recently when Carol became Paul's girlfriend and David, wild with jealousy, would do anything to split the pair up.

As they began to walk, David thought over his plan. Paul had always been embarrassed to tell anyone except David about his terror of dogs. Paul and Carol always walked home with David so he could easily let a dog (the larger the better) loose on Paul and Carol to scare them; but before it could injure them, David could tempt the dog back onto a lead by feeding it meat. Paul, David thought, would probably bolt and David could shine as Carol's hero.

David told the other two that he was going to get a loaf for his Mum and that he would catch them up. As soon as they were out of sight David went to collect a very disgruntled, hungry Doberman from the shed. Behind the concealment of a gate David waited for his two 'friends'.

Just as Paul and Carol were passing the gate, David let the dog off the lead and it bounded over the gate and into the lane. Unfortunately for David the dog only wanted revenge for its confinement in a pottling shed and as soon as David stepped into the lane the dog hurled itself at David's face. Its teeth snapped shut on David's ear and then commenced to shake David as if he was a rabbit.

Later when David emerged into pain and misery as he regained consciousness in the hospital, he was aware of a nurse telling him how his friend had pulled the dog off him, before any major damage was done. As it happened David only required a blood transfusion and stitches.

Not only did David's plan fail: Paul and Carol became engaged and David's mother began asking questions as to how a pound of raw steak was found in his coat pocket!

Clare Medlow 4B

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DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

I have great pleasure in writing this report for the Debating Society. Having started in Lab 27 and numbers swelling, the society has progressed to the more distinguished surroundings of the Hall and numbers still increase.

Motions discussed have varied enormously with a very brave motion by G.Humphrey on "repatriation of immigrants" starting off the term. The society has heard calls for the banning of extreme political organisations by P.Miller and even a ban on computers in industry by G.Radburn. S.Wiles put up a spirited attack on school rules and prefects which he saw as a totalitarian evil with R.Weatherly going one step further advocating anarchy. M.Tatlah defended followers of fashion like himself against a motion proposed by S.Leyshon suggesting that they were morons. I, myself, have spoken on the risks of nuclear power with M.Spicer putting up a very good defence.

I end with thanks to Mr.Warren for being a very good chairman, Mrs.Cooley for being the mastermind behind the society and the rest of the physics set for all their help. Above all, thanks to the speakers and all supporters.

As always, if anyone has a motion to discuss see either G.Paragpuri (6,) or me. Long Live Free Speech!

Tanweer Ikram (6,He)

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CRIME PREVENTION 1982-3

WHO:

- 1) Always gets the questions about handbags?
- 2) Specialises in exploding fish?
- 3) Was criticised by Jan Leeming for illegible handwriting?
- 4) Still thinks (every time) that we're going to lose?

Last year's successful team from the Boys' Grammar School (Howard Woolley, Bhaskara Darigala, Andrew Okolotowicz and Miles Lawson) entered the Thames Valley Crime Prevention Quiz again this year. The qualifications for success? The ability to survive not only the icy gales of a winter's evening, but also the chilling atmosphere and uncomfortable chairs of the Day Centre, the cheek to question (and criticise) the question masters whenever and wherever possible and, perhaps, an antipathy towards pink hippopotami.

Well, we reached the finals of the Slough & Maidenhead competition, hosted (hostessed?) by Jan Leeming and in a most impressive display swept all opposition aside. 'What a mean lot', said she, 'to give the answers so accurately that there's no chance for any of the other teams to earn bonus points.' So, after recovering from the shock of seeing our old friend P.C. John Metcalfe in full uniform, complete with helmet, make an impressive on stage arrest of a 'bovver boy' attempting to steal Miss Leeming's handbag, we brought the Trustee Savings Bank Shield (together with a cheque for £50) back to Lascelles Road for another year. At the end of April we travel to Aylesbury for the Thames Valley final where, it is hoped, we shall find a less confusing and more accurate scoring system than that used last year.

contd...

CRIME PREVENTION 1982-3 contd.

Thanks are, as ever, due to the team members for their unflinching commitment despite the hard work involved in preparation for the quizzes and, too, to our splendid supporters - not to mention Cecil, the panda resplendent in school cap and colours who graced the stage at Maidenhead.

D.A.R.

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JUNIPER HALL, Autumn 1982

This geography field course was a crash course in practical and statistical methods, based on the Weald. This beautiful area of small fields, bordered by hedges and trees ("Bocage"), is edged by the North and South Downs. The Hall is a Victorian style mansion open since 1942.

The first day was easy, just a short lecture on the Weald. Enter: Charles. This animated, bearded lecturer, complete with a strange sense of humour loves his subject - soils and bogs!

On the second day the work began, ten hours a day or more. Pouring rain greeted our attempts to measure the "wetted perimeter" (very wet) of the River Mole. My group had three tries and finally climbed out muddy, cold and tired.

A day out on Box Hill included lectures in the field and fossil hunting - much more civilised! However, things became interesting when we were "persuaded" to feel a handful of black, smelly peat. (Charles loves it!)

October can feel like January in the Weald and not even Charles's tin-can mini-drainage basins failed to defrost us into enthusiasm; the weather was as varied as the subjects.

We finished with a study of man's impact on Juniper top, basically which plants could survive being trodden on. This was a little more scientific than our mapping of building age in Dorking where we often ended up asking the owners!

To be serious, the intensive and exhausting work was worthwhile and interesting. We rarely finished work before 11 p.m. - but all still found time to enjoy ourselves. (Sleep was kept to a minimum!) It was nice to see at last the proof of all the theories and models.

Jill Thorniley and Sharon Foster
UVIS

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SIXTH FORMERS

Sixth Formers laugh at me.
I am like a mouse to them.
I wish I was one.

FIRE

The hungry tongues of fire
Attack the wood and lap it up,
Flashing and burning.

Jane Osborne 2M

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AMRITSAR - A SPECIAL PLACE - A SPECIAL EXPERIENCE.

It was a cold, brisk Sunday morning when I first arrived in Amritsar in the West Punjab. It had taken about ten hours to arrive here on a rusty old train I had boarded in Delhi. We decided to take an open cart as transport to our hotel for we wanted to see the people and countryside around us. The horse which pulled the cart was a glossy brown and was decorated with bits of shiny metal. On our arrival at the hotel we unpacked and I decided to have a look at this special town.

I walked slowly through the crowded markets where merchants jostled each other tempting people to buy their exotic wares. People running about in an attempt to save time in their busy schedules were shouting at others who unknowingly walked in front of them. I could hardly believe it - I was here! Here at the place I had read so much about at home. I hurried to the bank hoping to change my English currency into the local money so that I could buy some of the articles for sale in the many back street bazaars. It was beginning to get late now so I returned to the hotel clasping my exotic souvenirs. Tomorrow I had to make an early start to the place I had come all this way to see - The Golden Temple.

I reached this place of my dreams in good time for I remembered my father saying what a beautiful and spectacular thing it was to see the sun rise over the golden dome of the Temple. The way the sun's rays reflect off the jewelled, golden dome was said to light up the whole interior. I was not to be disappointed.

This visit was what I had been looking forward to most throughout my holiday. I was actually to be in the place where the founders of the Sikh religion once stayed. It was a breathtaking moment for me.

The Golden Temple is completely surrounded by holy water except for a long pier which joins it to the mainland. As I travelled along this pier my cares and worries slowly left me and once I entered the Temple I was at complete peace with myself.

On the floor sat a frail old gentleman reading our holy book over loudspeakers for the benefit of the people who were gathered outside. The whole of the interior of the building was gold-plated and many people were sitting down quietly reading to themselves. In a corner, in splendid isolation, sat an elderly man reading the original holy book which was hand written by our last Guru. Just seeing him there reading this book was the proof I needed to actually believe in my religion. Previously I was just told about this Mecca and the treasures it contained but now I was here living the experiences that I had read about. I finally left the Temple, my expectations about it fulfilled.

Surrounding the Temple are a series of museums which record the fighting for existence of the Gurus and the continued existence of the Sikh religion. Pictures around the walls depicted various battles

/cont'd

AMRITSAR (cont'd)

in the struggle for freedom for Sikhs from the tyrant Moghuls and invading Turks. Their weapons, too, provided an absorbing display.

I left the grounds of the Temple knowing well that I had not wasted my time. Once again I mingled with the people who were still haggling over prices but I no longer thought of them as poor.....they were not wealthy in the ordinary sense of the word but they were privileged to be living in the place where their religion had its infancy and which is now the Mecca for all Sikhs.

Irwindjit Suri 4 Gray

* * * * *

CAGED TIGER

With rich jungle colours
And thin pointed ears,
The cat of the jungle
Has roamed earth for years.
Patent black stripes
And white vicious teeth,
And a beige fluffy tummy,
Warm underneath.

Padding around from end to end,
Of the cage where it is kept,
The food is thrown in with barely a care,
And the floor is rarely swept.

With elephants trumpeting here and there,
And the penguins all of a quiver,
The monkeys swing from branch to branch,
And the polar bears? They shiver.
The sounds of the birds tweeting away
In the aviary near the entrance
The laughing of the wild hyenas,
As they play, jump and prance.

The tiger does not need to be locked up,
Where curious faces can stare,
Roaming the jungle is where it belongs,
Wild, free and unaware
Of the millions of people who wander about,
Thinking of tropics far away,
But until the tiger can roam free again,
Inside the cage it must stay.

Melanie Carter 4W

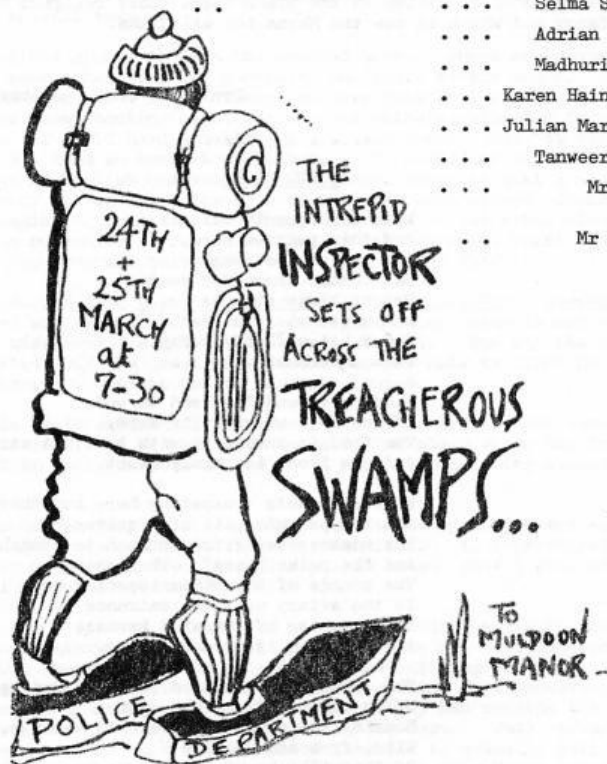
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THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND

by
Tom Stoppard

Moon
Birdboot
Mrs Drudge
Simon
Felicity
Lady Cynthia
Major Magnus
Inspector Hound
Radio Announcer

PRODUCED BY



... Richard Davis
... Edward Wickens
... Selma Stephen
... Adrian Benbow
... Madhuri Dhatt
... Karen Hainsworth
... Julian Marszalek
... Tanweer Ikram
... Mr James
.. Mr Cutler

Tom Stoppard offers us two targets to laugh at: the 'Whodunnits' of Agatha Christie set in lovely country mansions, and self-indulgent theatre critics. Two of these come to review a particularly stagey thriller and allow their private obsessions (lust and professional jealousy) to involve them in the action on stage. 'Good' acting as we usually understand it is not really wanted as the actors, if not the critics, have to be continuous succulent ham!

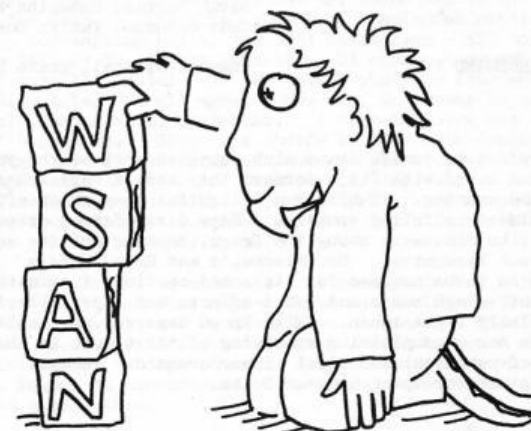
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THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND. Contd.

Mr. Cutler's production used a very convincing backdrop suggesting an audience (dead-heads?) with the two critics on the front row. Lady Muldoon's drawing-room was sketched in with just two flats, terribly vulnerable to the baying hounds, mysterious strangers, tennis balls, swamps and deadly mantle of fog outside. The critics' fantasies, cunningly boosted with a microphone, came across with muttered urgency. The two critics' roles are certainly the most difficult in the play, but Messrs. Wickens and Davis knew their business and the play glided into a crescendo of theatrical cliché. It's difficult to differentiate the denizens of Muldoon Manor as Stoppard limits each part to a cardboard cut-out, but Karen Hainsworth's Lady Muldoon was very well sustained both in standing and speaking. Some of the dialogue, especially in the card party, is hard to get right, and we admired the actors' concentration here, as elsewhere in this absorbing production.

G.F.

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ERNIE'S INCREDIBLE ILLUCINATIONS

by
Alan Ayckbourn

Ernie	. . .	Andrew Watts
Dad	. . .	Simon Leyshon
Mum	. . .	Samantha Howard
Doctor	. . .	Katie Froud
German Officer	. . .	Nicola Pratt
Auntie May	. . .	Candy Davies
1st Barker	. . .	Victoria Hartnell
2nd Barker	. . .	Kirsty Hurrell
Referee	. . .	Parvez Aktar
Kid Sullivan	. . .	Paul Gaynor
Eddie Edwards	. . .	Sajad Rehman
Man in Crowd	. . .	Julia Morgan
Lady in Library	. . .	Monica Joglekar
Attendant	. . .	Tina Holloway
Librarian	. . .	Amanda Benham
Tramp	. . .	Julia Morgan
Receptionist	. . .	Monica Joglekar
People in	. . .	Emma Hall, Frances Warner
Fairground		Chandrika Deshpande
		Theresa Kirkham, Baljinder Hothi
German Soldiers	. . .	Wendy Munt, Helen Worrall
		Sarah Harris, Samantha Wylie
		Jane Osborne, Tamlyn Bostock
PRODUCED BY		Kanwal Nischal, Katie Froud

The Orchard/Cutler junior drama club supplied most of the younger players, and mixed with Sixth-formers they made a very entertaining start to the evening. ERNIE is a delightful play which offers parts to almost unlimited numbers. Huge Sixth-former actors blundered like dinosaurs among the frogs, booming out the speaking parts in mock Yorkshire. Mr. Nischal's and Miss Froud's production is to be praised for its sound casting, imaginative costumes, off-stage music and sound-effects and especially for its beautifully light touch. Miss Froud deserves particular mention for her uncomplaining steadying of the troops in the last days of rehearsal and first of performance. A most promising start for Upton Grammar Drama.

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MILTON HOUSE REPORT

I thought it was another one of Mr. R.'s 'jokes' - an end of year House Report at Easter ?!?! Then, realising he was deadly serious, I set about my task - to give an objective account of the successes of Milton House thus far.....

Once again we have shown ourselves a force to be reckoned with, and feared. With very good performances in the Junior Cross-country event and Second Form Football Tournament, the younger members of the House showed themselves to be the stars of the future. These successes were followed by a very narrow defeat in the Fourth Form Girls' Hockey, after some very creditable displays of teamwork and enthusiasm. A 'young' Senior Football team did remarkably well to win their section of the Inter-House Soccer. After a disappointing final game in the Junior section, the House finished in second place overall in this event. Enough said about the Sixth Form Girls' Badminton.....better luck next year!

Most of the Inter-House matches were accompanied by hordes of chanting and cheering Milton supporters. Even Mr. Rogers turned up on the odd occasion. I must remark on the fervent support generated at the hockey matches. I never realised the game could drum up so much fervour, energy, excitement and generally rowdy behaviour amongst girls who supported such events. However, all this enthusiasm underlines the unity and total commitment that exists within THE HOUSE. We certainly have great Milton House Spirit (No, Shaky, it is not a bottle of Vodka).

Once again House Assemblies have been a great success. They are now an integral part of the House's set up, essential to the day-to-day running of the House. Inspiring speeches, meaningful readings, well-acted plays, toe-tapping music, the list is endless - all topped off by yet another talk by Mr. Rogers himself. Of course they are all done in the best possible taste! We now have a platform from which to launch budding talent of all ages. However, we appear to have a rival for our world-famous Milton Mars Bar. A certain House has developed a 'special' handshake. Given the choice between a handshake and a Mars bar, I am sure I know which one most people would choose (those in their right mind anyway). I feel certain that we, as a House, have the right formula for success. So, with Sports' Day looming, followed by the Inter-House Cricket matches, who's to say Milton will not prove itself to be the one and only House?

At Easter we bought a card and said goodbye to Mr. Gajdus, only to find that he will be returning. Maybe we should have said 'au revoir'. I wonder if anyone will send us cards when we leave? Finally I would like to thank Mr. Rogers for acknowledging the real Bosses and for bearing the brunt of our 'witty' remarks. By the way, have you ever tried to find Mr. Rogers at lunchtimes? You've got more chance of finding a white cat in a snowstorm.

S.H.

P.S. I have not mentioned individual House members as this would belie our communal spirit.

P.P.S. Good Luck to all those taking 'O' or 'A' Levels this Summer.

The split site has made this a difficult year for everyone. All the more credit to those in both buildings who have joined in the activities and kept the House moving confidently forward. To all Miltonians who are leaving, as ever, our very best wishes for success in the future.

D.A.R., M.M.

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GRAY HOUSE REPORT

Gray House continues its trail-blazing path in the annals of school history - a party for the Second form, a pantomime and music show, which was enjoyed by the rest of the School just before Christmas, a trial match to choose our Junior Soccer Team, and now this term plans are in hand or afoot to establish an evening of entertainment - a veritable furor of Thespian talent from our Fourths, Fifths and Sixths is waiting in the wings to launch itself on unsuspecting parents and friends. True, success in the sporting field does not always come our way - but we have learned to live with this - perhaps Roland had this in mind when he scored the two best goals of the House Tournament! But we have at least learned over the years to play up, play up and play the game and at least our girls are raising our sights! A new era is certainly dawning! Many thanks to all concerned in activities this year - let us continue to set the rest of the School an example in future!

Individual reports follow:-

2 Gray Christmas Party - For a couple of hours after school on the Monday before the Christmas holidays, food, games and the hilariously funny pantomime were enjoyed by Staff, Sixth formers and members of 2 Gray alike. The spontaneity of the occasion probably led to much of its success, and hopefully the idea will continue for some years to come. - E. LAKE.

Badminton and Hockey - In the Sixth form House Badminton, the Gray team consisting of Denise Kemble, Lorraine West, Geeta Chauhan, Penny Hill and Suzanne Tierman were placed second. In the Junior Hockey the Gray team were placed first. The competition was very close with Gray, Milton and Herschel winning their matches against Hampden and drawing the two other matches. The teams were therefore placed in an order according to the goal difference. - S. TIERNAN.

Junior Soccer - The Inter-House Football was a major success for Gray House juniors. The games started off with a disappointing 1-1 draw. The next game ended with a 2-0 win over eventual winners of the tournament Hampden. In our final match it seemed that a draw with Herschel would be enough. But with Hampden winning 7-0 over Milton and us earning a brilliant 0-0 draw, we lost out on goal difference. It must be said that in our first game we used four substitutes and it was very sporting that players volunteered to come off to let younger players come on. We played in true Gray House Spirit fighting to the last.

M. CREIGHTON and M. CONROY.

* * * * *

HAIKUS

The stars shine out bright,
Glowing like the most beautiful eyes,
On a cold Winter's night.

Spring is here again,
Like an emigrating bird,
As I watch it come and go.

The shells on the rocks,
Sparkle like a diamond ring,
As they're in the locks.

Michele Griffin 2M

* * *

HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT

Herschel House have good reason to hold their heads high in this year of the merger. Not only have members of the House been actively involved in the more intellectual activities of the School, such as the School Play and the various quizzes, but they have been much in evidence in School sports teams also.

In the House competitions, the girls at Twinches Lane have swept the board, winning every match they played in the indoor hockey, Fifth-form and Sixth-form volleyball.

Sadly, our record at Lascelles Road cannot compare with this, though there have been successes, both for teams and individuals; the Senior Soccer team only failed to win their competition on goal difference, and in the Fourth-form cross-country, Matthew Benham and Glenn Davies finished first and third respectively.

Our thanks are due to all those who have been willing to take part in teams and activities this year, and especially to our House Captains, Sophie Cheston and Kanwal Nischal.

G.B.
A.R.C.

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HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT

Well, putting the cards on the table Hampden House have come up trumps - yet again! The past year has seen Hampden grow in prestige with success in the sporting areas - plus others. The introduction of the young ladies has helped to bring out the real flair which Hampden possesses and the combination only goes to prove that Hampden is truly a House amongst Houses. The pride, determination and humour which goes to make up our House appears in all the activities we take part in and it is this which puts us above the other rabble.

Although most Hampdenites seek out a dark corner and hide when those demanding words 'Physical Education' are mentioned, we seem to have pulled out all the stops and gone for victory in everything - although we didn't quite win everything. In the cross-country we romped home to an outright victory and the senior ladies showed just who is boss when it comes to inter-house badminton. In the football we suffered from a rare disease of not being able to score the necessary goals, even though we gave everyone a good run for their money with the skill of Amrik Singh, Simon Spence, Leon Ryan - sorry chaps can't mention you all. Lower down in the junior football Hampden came a victorious first just pipping Gray at the post. The Crime Prevention team has been successful due to the talent of two of its members - Howard Woolley and Bhaskara Darigala - true Hampdenites, and won lots of cups etc.

Just a quick mention of everyone who has been involved in the success of Hampden over the year - keep it up and let's see if we can win that coveted shield on Sports Day.

P.B.

* * * * *

CIVILISATION?

War is a word with much entailed,
But when it sets in, there's not much left,
Just the burnt and bloody scars of two countries'
conquest.
Is this the result of being one who calls himself
civilised?
Yet it kills and slaughters, injures and maims,
But, who has made a real pace forward,
To end all this death and destruction?
Surely the most powerful men are not so powerful,
That they can turn away from the suffering,
When so often it is only on their doorsteps.
Could they not just let down a helping hand,
To the victims of such a cruel world?

Darren Joyce. 4 Grav.

美 美 美 美 美 美

GOOD OR BAD?

Who was it that discovered this power?
Created for good until it turned sour.
Total destruction merciful to none,
With a blinding light like scorching sun.

Those who receive the direct attack,
Are sure to die, no turning back.
For a nuclear weapon has destroyed our city,
The creators of which have no pity.

If you should live a distance away,
Don't think you've escaped the day.
The day when death came to tea,
An unwelcome visitor for you and me.

'A God send' said some, fuel problems in mind,
A source of energy that is so unkind.
People die in a horrific way,
Burst into flames and smoulder away.

And the after effects of cancer and contamination,
Could they all result from a power station?
So why should this madness remain?
And I assure you, it's what I claim.

For it's been tested on cities before,
Those you've heard of I'm sure.
But what did you do? Sit back and sigh?
Those people didn't have to die.

Samantha Buckley LC

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'A VISITOR FROM FRANCE'

"That French boy arrives today, John" said my mum. You'll have someone to go about with for a couple of weeks."

"Yes, it should be fun," I said.

It was as he entered the doorway that we noticed the uneasiness ~~of~~ the boy. He kept on looking over his shoulder, as if he was being watched. We put it down to nerves, but perhaps it was something more than that.

He was a French student, pale and bony faced; it was as if the skin was stretched more tightly over his cheek-bones making them protrude, and leaving a hollow skeleton-like appearance. He was different from us.

We understood that he could speak English yet he chose not to; contact with him was very limited and any conversation was accompanied with drawn out embarrassing silences.

A week of this defensive silence left us no more knowledge of his circumstances than the day of his arrival. Yet one night, it was as if the safe was unlocked, the code cracked. He was suddenly animated and excited.

My parents had gone out leaving myself and the boy alone in the house. It is very old, and people said it was haunted. It is built on the site of a monastery.

It was late now, the wind was sighing about the house, pushing branches against windows like fingers seeking a way in.

There we sat, the television's gabble not able to fill the chasms of silence between us. Then, for no reason, I suddenly felt cold, as if he was staring at me. I turned my head and met his glare. His stare was deep and unnerving; it shocked me and I felt I had to throw words into the empty pool.

"This house is haunted you know!" I blurted out.

Another long silence, then in perfect English: "How do you know?"

I told him of the glimpsed moving figures, the breathing in the night, tappings on windows. He comprehended it all, and at the end he smiled: a malicious sight, his mouth linking the two sunken hollows in his face.

"Do you know what a séance is?" he asked.

"Yes . . ." I wasn't sure.

"Shall we have one?"

"Well, er ... I suppose it would be alright?"

The boy jumped from his chair and ran upstairs, to reappear holding a small leather bag.

/cont'd

'A VISITOR FROM FRANCE' (cont'd)

"Come: we must find the coldest room in the house."

He led me about my own house: then on reaching the old study he stopped.

"Perfect!" he whispered. "Perfect!"

The study is in the outer wing of the house, separated from the main building by a short hall-way. It has always struck me as being the most barren and hostile room in the house, with its bare walls and tiled floor.

The boy switched on the light and went to the middle of the room where there was an old table. On this he placed the bag and opened it.

I was intrigued by what could be inside the bag, but was shocked when I realized what it was.

The boy drew out two candlesticks, plain ones, but broad; the thick candles showed signs of much use previously. These he stood at opposite ends of the table. Next he pulled out a board with strange markings on it, on which he put an upturned wine-glass. He had all the equipment - had he expected to have a seance?

"Sit opposite," he muttered. He lit the candles and stepped back to turn the light out. I was engulfed with darkness - the two candles casting an eerie half-light. As the boy approached he looked incredibly macabre - a white face with dark eyes.

He sat down and put his fore-finger on the base of the glass, and motioned me to do the same. I felt stupid, but also frightened. The boy started saying short phrases; not English, not even French.

There we sat for about ten minutes. Suddenly the glass slid to one side of the table, as if by its own course, and came to rest on one of the symbols.

The boy jerked back when he saw on which symbol the glass rested, and stumbled back into the void beyond the table. Suddenly both candles blew out. I could hear him scraping around for the light switch but he could not find it.

I sensed something was behind me. I jerked around, but as the light came on there was nothing there. Looking back at the boy I saw he looked sweaty and even paler than before.

He thrust his things into the bag and left the room. I followed, not wishing to be alone.

He hurried down the hall and burst into the lounge where he flopped into a chair. I also sat down. We were both sweating heavily. A silence settled over us which was oppressively noisy.

"Don't try it again," he said.

/cont'd

'A VISITOR FROM FRANCE' (cont'd)

I didn't speak, yet wanted to know why. He sensed this and looked at me.

"You would be foolish to try it again: I have never felt it that strong."

He said no more, and I didn't want to ask him.

For the last few days of his stay the boy made sure he was never alone in the house - except at night when he was very nervous. He left two days early, claiming that one of his family was ill.

Few words were spoken at his departure, yet he took time to whisper to me: "I'll write to tell you everything."

Yet the letter never came, and we never heard any more from the French boy.

Since then I have found that I have been disturbed from sleep during the night by what I can only describe as a presence in my room - as if something is watching me.

Tonight I am to hold a seance.

Mason James.



ROAD SAFETY

This had to be an historic year. We knew it. When the two schools which had together dominated Road Safety activities in the area for many years are merged, there is no way it can be avoided. The wheels began to turn in the Autumn Term when the Slough Senior Schools Quiz began. Our possession of two school buildings meant that for this one year we were allowed to enter two teams. Fortunes varied: the boys ploughed steadily through all the early rounds whilst opposition quailed before the girls, who found themselves in the Semi-Final against Langley Grammar without having played a single match. History was really made on 25th February. At the Town Hall, for the first (and only) time in the 26 year run of the competition Upton Grammar played Upton Grammar - and a splendid occasion it was too. Excellent answers from two excellent teams, two elegant speeches from the team captains and some well deserved words of praise from the Mayor, who spoke of the team members being a great credit to both their old and new schools. And so they were!

Before we had time to gather ourselves, the Thames Valley Quiz began with its usual written examination. We waited anxiously for the telephone call which would tell us whether we had succeeded. It came. On to Reading Police Station where we soon proved to be not only the leaders of Slough and Windsor but of Berkshire too by defeating the other area champions Segsbury School, Wantage and Bulmershe School, Reading. Our next match was the Thames Valley Final at Sulhampstead Police Training Centre when against the Bucks and Oxon champions (Radcliffe School and Magdalen School) we again showed our superiority with a score of 97 points to our nearest challenger's 47. We don't usually single out individuals - but Khalid Barakat's virtuoso performance in a so-called 'buzzer' round, which gained half our score and made the other teams look like beginners, will not quickly be forgotten. But the year goes on: no time to relax. At the time of writing we await a date for the Challenge Shield against the Metropolitan Police, won last year by Slough Grammar School, the first Thames Valley School ever to do so. We hope to equal that record.

Thanks are due to all involved for their cheerful hard work: the teams and their reserves, the trainers, the Fourth year Chip Club and all those who braved the winter weather to cheer us on, and the donkeys and their friends, who brought us good luck. Finally we wish P.C. Metcalfe, our police mentor, a speedy and full recovery from his illness.

The Squad:

Rizvana Ahmad, Khalid Barakat, Nicola Cannon,
Sreenivas Darigala, Gabriella D'Jrso, David Lake,
Ravi Saddique, Shanker Seetharaman,
Angela Vaid, Peter Woolley.

D.A.R.; L.M.S.

* * * * *

THE ACCIDENT

"With Summer approaching, boys, I have selected four of you to represent the school at tennis. The names have been posted on the games notice board" said Mr. Pearson. I rushed to the board, by the gym, with my heart pounding away, hoping that I had been chosen. As I pushed my way through the mass of boys, all eagerly trying to see the names, I saw John walk away contented to shouts of "Well done John!" From that moment I knew my name had to be there, as John was what I considered an outsider, an enemy. As I thought of the first time that John and I had met, I was nudged by Carl who brought me back to reality, with the words "bad luck Peter". A sunken feeling came to my stomach and I walked off before he could say anything else, trying to look as if I did not care. But deep down inside me I, a boy of fifteen, wanted to cry so that the whole world would know.

The day seemed to drag on as I thought of the team, John, Terry, Carl and Tom. You see the latter three and I were like, well, a team. We all lived in the same neighbourhood, had similar terraced houses and had grown up together. John, however, had always been different. It was evident from the day he started school with his shiny black briefcase, which stood out against the usual Adidas bag, like a new coin did against rust. It was not just his appearance, but his behaviour too. He never got into fights. He had a sort of knack to talk his way out of things, making the opposition look foolish. I myself had been the opposition more times than I would care to remember. Most of the kids at the comprehensive came from my middle school, except John, and they all knew that I was the cleverest of my year. John however refused to accept this and proved by constantly coming top, that he now was the best. When I reached the fifth form I knew I could take no more and the tennis was to be the last straw.

At first I set about improving my tennis so that our games teacher would change his mind and reposition us. That was too slow a course and there was the uncertainty that I might still not be chosen, as with more practice the other boys improved too. So I set about finding an easier way, one in which I would definitely be playing. That afternoon I walked home from school with Carl, questioning him as usual about the performance of the other players. Unfortunately nothing had changed. Each of them improved as the day got closer, was all that Carl would say, too engrossed with his book. That was all I needed to hear. I was certain that it had to look like an accident, something which could easily happen, but could be made more serious with the proper planning and timing. It was not long before the plan seemed foolproof and the time had come to put it into action.

Four days before the tennis match was due, the bell rang at break-time. As I left my English lesson at that signal, there was, just as I had anticipated, the rush by pupils to the tuckshop. As I came to the stairs, I talked casually with Carl but at the same time was close to John. With the general mass of boys it was difficult to see John's head amongst the older and taller boys; as he was rather short, I just kept track of his clothes. I timed it perfectly. When there was a tiny gap in front of him, I prepared for the attack and, as John lifted his foot, with the blue sock and black moccasin shoe, to take another step, I too put out my foot just in front of his. Just as I had hoped he unsuspectingly lunged forward.

I saw John tumble and then tumble again, until he completed his journey to the foot of the stairs. Soon there was a mass of spectators

/cont'd

THE ACCIDENT. Contd.

surrounding him. I saw someone rise, a little shaky who then proceeded to brush himself down. As I neared the mass I realised that it was John who had stood up and was unhurt.

I stood staring at the mass for what seemed like a lifetime, until I was disturbed by a teacher rushing down the stairs, and then it hit me "Why were they still waiting, after all the action was over?". As I approached the stationary mass, I sensed something was wrong and a sunken feeling again came to my stomach. I parted the boys with my hands until I had a ringside view of the motionless boy sprawled on the floor. "Carl!" I cried.

Rennett Hodge. 61 Milton.

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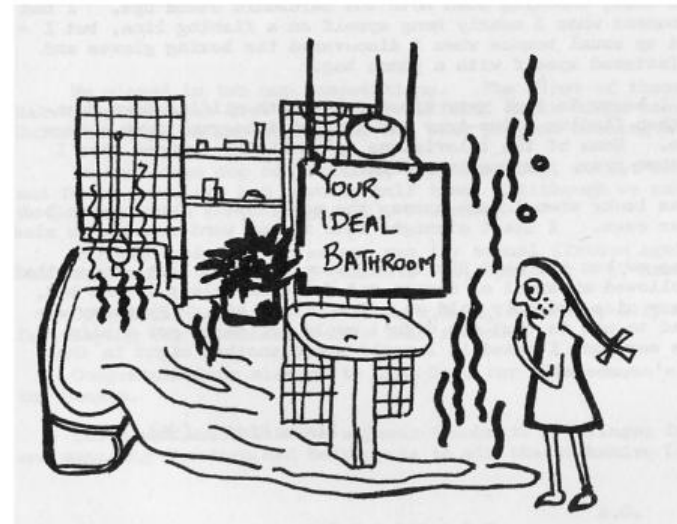
THE PRISONER

It had been very hot and stuffy, and Mummy had taken such a long time choosing shoes, that I had felt myself becoming very drowsy.....

I woke up. It was very dark. I'm scared of the dark and I cried for my Mummy, but she didn't answer. Nobody answered me. I stood up and tried to work out where I was. I saw an illuminated sign above a lift opposite. I hurried across and from the dim light cast out by the sign I saw a row of switches in a corner. Switches, at home Mummy flicks one and light comes on. I decided the same principle must work here. I dragged a chair over to beneath the switches. I could just reach. Flick; now I could see.

The room was amazing, a great place to play. Mummy had said I would like Harrods. There were lots of clothes and shoes and I decided to dress up. I put on a red, feathery dress, I ripped off the bottom by treading on it because it was too long. I put on a pair of gigantic shoes and pretended I was a model. I tripped and scuffled my way to the lift. I threw one of the shoes at a button and I heard the lift coming up. I loved lifts so I rode up and down for a long time. Then I began to feel sick. I got out of the lift just in time to be sick in a plant pot.

I found another chair and some more switches, WOW! it was like Aladdin's cave when I turned on the lights. I knew it was the cosmetics department because Mummy had told me it was. She had put colours on her face and hands, so I decided to be grown up. I climbed up to a counter and soon had the lids off various pots and tubs.



THE PRISONER (cont'd)

I smeared red and green over my face and tried to copy a picture propped up on the counter. More colours ended up on the picture and the counter than on me. I slid down the counter, leaving red, blue, yellow and purple fingerprints.

I suppose looking back on the incident, I must have looked an absolute fright, in the red dress and the war-paint. The security man appeared round a corner and I walked squarely into him. He took one look at me and ran for his life. I ran in the opposite direction, and hid, but no-one came after me. I was then amongst a lot of baths and bathroom equipment. I turned on all the taps but only one actually had water in it. I jumped into the bath as soon as I filled it with water. I still had all my clothes on, but I didn't mind. The tap had been stiff and I couldn't turn it off. Water sloshed over the top of the bath, but I didn't pay any attention. I often did the same thing at home.

In the end I Managed to turn off the tap, but I was now cold and very wet. I took my clothes off and found some towels which I wrapped around myself. I wandered on for a while and found myself in a place like a restaurant. I realised how hungry I was. I looked for food and was rewarded by finding some lovely cream cakes, doughnuts and jam tarts. But it was all too filling and sweet for me and the cheesecake made me sick again. But I didn't let such a minor incident upset me. Oh no! I was having too much fun.

The sports part of the shop came next. I jumped and leaped and somersaulted to my heart's content on a giant trampoline. It was just as well I had been sick before. I played tennis against a wall and played with the diving gear. I smashed golf balls through glass doors and counters. I thought I was a good shot as I sent a tennis ball into Bjorn Borg's mouth and a racket onto John McEnroe's nose, knocking down both the cardboard stand ups. I had a nasty moment when I nearly hung myself on a fishing line, but I recovered my usual bounce when I discovered the boxing gloves and nearly flattened myself with a punch bag.

But I began to feel very tired, what with sliding down bannisters, then finding a tea-tray and playing toboggans down a huge staircase. Some of the televisions got a little damaged when I knocked them over, playing leap-frog.

I was lucky when I came across the most lovely four poster bed I had ever seen. I leapt straight into it and went soundly to sleep.

I was awoken the next day by the security man. It seemed that he had followed my trail of damage and found me asleep in the bed. He was very nice and only told me off a little bit. My Mummy was so pleased to see me that she didn't scold me, but I got a clip round the ear when I asked if I could spend another night in the store.

Linda Kidd (58)

UPTON GRAMMAR 1st XI '82 - '83.

The team squad:

P. Brooker, P. Samways, R. Race, S. Spence, L. Ryan,
C. Stylianou, J. Harnett, A. Hannon, C. Redrup,
A. Colebeck (Capt.), A. Singh, C. Clemence, R. Beeston.

The school had the best season in 1st XI soccer for some years. We did not lose this season in the Berkshire U-19 league although experiencing a shaky start with a 0-0 draw with Herschel.

We played two very important games, which helped us to win the league:

Firstly we beat Presentation College 3-0 away from home, and secondly, the last game of the season, at home to Forest (we had to win to claim the league), and with help by goals from Christopher Clemence and Liam Ryan we beat them 2-0.

Other good victories were against Latymer Upper 8-3, and Bluecoat 6-0. (Amrik Singh - 3 goals).

The final analysis was:

P	W	D	L	For	Ag.
26	15	6	5	83	31

We played in two cup competitions. The first of these was the Walsh Cup where we drew 2-2 with Denefield, Amrik Singh scoring 2 goals. Unfortunately, in the replay, we had some players missing and lost 2-0.

In the other cup competition, the Gibbs Cup, we met John Hampden and found ourselves 4-0 down by half time. Although we came back well to 4-3 (Colebeck - 2, Singh - 1), we lost 5-3.

Our last game of the season was the annual fixture against The Old Paludians which we lost 4-3 (Harnett - 1, Colebeck - 1, Race - 1).

Congratulations to A.Colebeck, R.Race, A.Hannon, L.Ryan and A.Singh for playing for Berkshire U-19's this season.

Congratulations also go to Liam Ryan for this season's Player of the Season.

The squad would like to express thanks to Mr.S.Inger for coaching and managing the team and helping us to win the Berkshire League.

A.C.

UNDER 16 SOCCER

This season has been by far our most successful. We competed for three cups and battled through to the Finals of all three competitions. First, the Associated Biscuits' Cup: this is a County Cup (the winners to represent Berkshire in the National Under 16s Cup).

After good wins against Herschel and Waingel's Copse, we were away to Windsor Boys' in the semi-final. In bad weather we were 2-0 down at half-time. The second half however saw an excellent team effort, and a hat-trick from Martino saw us into the Final (against Park House, Newbury). This was our easiest, as we beat them 6-0, which meant we represented Berkshire! But unfortunately in the first round we lost to Hampshire 2-0.

Our second cup competition was the Pusey (the Slough & District U-16 Cup). We hacked our way through Orchard, Burnham G.S. and Westgate to meet Windsor Boys' once more in the Final. This time we got our revenge, beating them 2-1. This was one we deserved to win

Our thanks to Mr. Kernoghan for running the team, and to our supporters too.

Our squad: Delaney; Samways; Anderson; Spence, (Capt.)
Coombs; Creighton; Redrup; Stylianou; Martino;
Clements; Ratneshwar Substitutes: Bedford;
David; Mead & Wells.

Played 15: Won 12: Drawn 1: Lost 2: Goals for 54; Goals
against 16.

S. SPENCE, Captain

CROSS COUNTRY

The school has two very good cross country runners in Miguel Blanco and Mark Esam. Both represented Berkshire in an inter-counties match with five counties taking part. Blanco was particularly unfortunate in not running for Berkshire at Chesterfield in the schools national cross country championships, because of an injury.

In the Slough schools cross country championships in January Blanco was third in the under 17 race and the school team was placed fifth. In the Under 15 race Esam was second and the team was placed third. Congratulations to all who took part.

In the boys inter-house cross country Matthew Benham won the fourth year race; Mark Esam won the third year race- and Alan Gordon won the second year race. As a result of these three races Hampden won the Trophy.

Next season we hope to take part in the local league.

The cross country club meets on Mondays and Thursdays after school. In the summer term there will be more concentration on track running.

M. J. THISTLEWOOD

GIRLS' HOCKEY

This has been a very difficult season. The Senior XI, because of the split site, has been unable to have proper practices and has suffered in consequence. Individuals have played hard but the necessary teamwork and understanding have been lacking. This, combined with a particularly wet season, has given disappointing results. Only five matches were played two won and three lost; five were cancelled.

In the Indoor Hockey League matches results were better. The 1st Team won five and lost two games, and finished third in the League.

Congratulations must go to Sophie Cheston, the Captain, to Catherine Latham and Marian Butcher for consistently good play and a fine example set for the junior members. Of the rest Mary Mullix, Caroline Howard, Susan Burke and Sharon Glasgow worked hard and improved during the season; they have been awarded their School Colours.

The 4th year players who had to change schools found themselves in a very different environment and it was difficult for them to settle. In many cases they have not had their minds on their hockey, their 'hearts' being engaged elsewhere!

Their best results were in the Indoor Tournament in which they were joint winners with St. Bernard's Convent School, and in the end-of-season District Tournament where they came second.

Specially commended for consistent play are Karen Blackford in goal, Amanda Portsmouth and Carol North who are all awarded their School Junior Colours.

Let us hope that next season things will be more settled, including the weather, and that we can look forward to better results.

Girls' House Tournaments -

It was not possible to hold the normal House Hockey Tournaments this year, because the girls were split between Twinkles Lane and Lascelles Road. so new events were introduced. These proved successful and we hope to continue them next year in addition to the traditional field hockey tournaments.

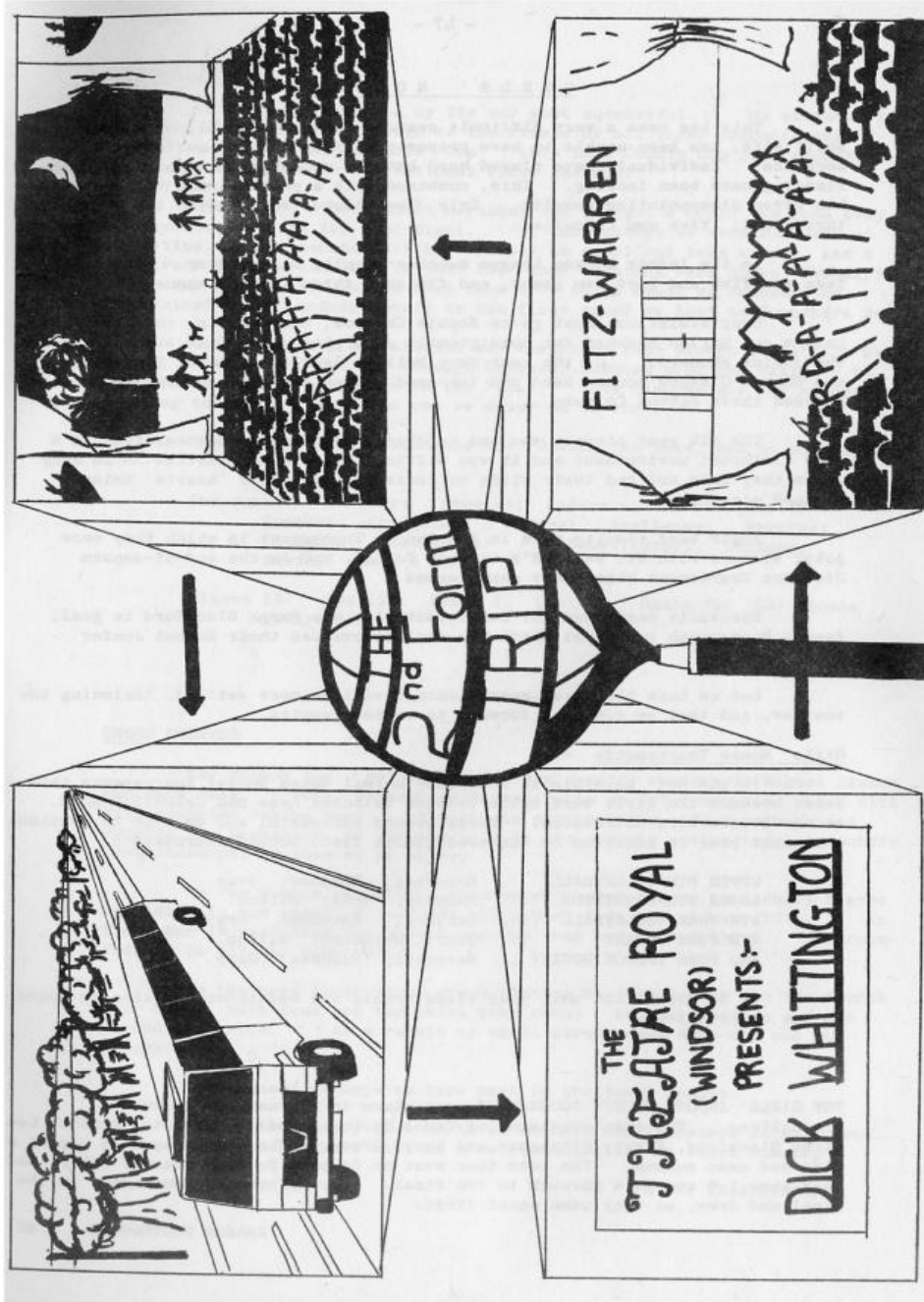
UPPER 6TH VOLLEYBALL ... Herschel; Hampden; Gray.
LOWER 6TH BADMINTON ... Hampden; Gray; Milton.
5TH FORM VOLLEYBALL ... Herschel; Hampden; Gray.
4TH FORM HOCKEY ... Gray; Herschel; Milton.
3RD FORM INDOOR HOCKEY .. Herschel; Hampden; Gray.

It is hoped that next year mixed tennis and badminton may also be added to the competitions.

C. D.

THE GIRLS' INDOOR HOCKEY TOURNAMENT took place in February at Licensed Victuallers. The team consisted of Carol North, Amanda Portsmouth, Deborah Lee, Karen Blackford, Kirsty Stenhouse and Laura Green. The team played in a pool of five and came second. The team then went on to play Burnham Grammar School and beat them 1-0 and were through to the final. They played St. Bernard's in the final and drew, so they came equal first.

AMANDA PORTSMOUTH - 4C



TO THE PANTOMIME!

The event: a trip to the Theatre Royal (opposite good ol' Windsor Castle) to see "Dick Whittington".

There was only one coach so it had to make the trip twice. Trust our lot (2Ha 'RAAY!') to get onto the last coachload.

We arrived safely (SIGH! Don't we always? Why can't we have some action?.....for once) crossed the road in an orderly manner and cascaded in through the front entrance in a disorderly manner. We handed in our tickets to the sounds of 'OOOF!', 'Mind your elbow' and 'Watch it mate!' as our mob proceeded into the auditorium.

The orchestra began to play to the whispers of 'Ain't this theatre small?' and 'Where is that music coming from?' All quietened down as the curtains opened. First to appear was King Rat to the sounds of BOOO!, HISS! and 'RAAY!' ('RAAY? Well...er! Some of us couldn't make our minds up!) He started to talk about evil (to the obvious joy of our odd lot). Suddenly Queen Fairy appeared and said that good is more powerful than evil and righteousness overpowers wrong and love conquers hate (OOO! Ain't she soppy!)

The story is a battle between good, in the form of Dick Whittington and his companions, and evil, in the form of King Rat and his wicked henchmen.

Dick Whittington and his cat, Tommy, arrive at London to seek their fortunes. They arrive at a city struck by a plague of rats (sent by King Rat). Through Tommy's ability to kill rats they find a job at a superstore. Dick immediately falls in love with his employer's daughter Alice (to the sounds of AHHH! and OOO! Innit soppy?)

King Rat, infuriated by the fact that his plague of rats is being destroyed, frames Dick for a crime he did not commit, with the help of two brainwashed good employees, Jack and Dotty.

Dick is banished by Fitzwarren, owner of the superstore, and joins the crew of a ship sailing to Morocco. Jack, Dotty and Sarah (cook) unknowingly join him.

Tragedy! King Rat sends a plague of rats and a storm to sink the ship. Our party survives and unknowingly land in Morocco, but Tommy is missing. Soon they are captured by the Sultan.

They arrive at a palace struck by rats, led by King Rat. Suddenly Tommy appears and leaps into the action and after a terrible struggle kills King Rat. The Sultan rewards Dick with half his kingdom. Dick returns to England to marry Alice and eventually become Lord Mayor.

On the whole everybody enjoyed the play. The aspects of the pantomime which the general school party enjoyed were: good comedy acting, beautiful scenery, costumes and realistic audible and visual effects such as lighting, luminous paints, music and 'moving scenery'.

The choreography was also given high praise.

When asked for a most popular character Dotty came clear favourite followed by Jack. It seemed that the serious characters (Alice, Dick, Fitzwarren) were not given much consideration!

On the whole this pantomime was highly commended.

HAIKUS

Spring is a butterfly,
Free, fresh and new to the world,
For all to envy.

Summer is a bee,
An active and lively creature,
But with a burning sting.

Autumn is a tortoise,
A slow and ageing creature,
In all shades of brown.

Winter is a bear,
A cold and sleeping creature,
For the time of year.

Frances Warner 2M

* * * * *



THE SPONSORED RUN

We needed £800.00 in a hurry!

The Parents' Associations had collected enough for a new minibus but it was decided that a 'bus with forward-facing seats would be more comfortable and safe too, but this cost more. We had to buy it quickly before the price went up - as ever! So we decided to organise a Sponsored Run.

The event was started at Twinchies Lane by nine lady members of staff who completed between six and eight laps each, enthusiastically supported by the girls, and who raised £108.00 between them.

Possibly because of this example the response from the girls at Twinchies Lane was magnificent. In the third and fifth forms there was almost one hundred per cent participation and even the staid old ladies of the Upper Sixth managed a seventy per cent turn out.

At Lascelles Road, response from the mixed second year forms was excellent. In the third and fourth years it varied between fifty and seventy-five per cent, a very pleasing turn out. The great disappointment was that of the 250 boys in the fifth and sixth forms only thirty-four took part and I found it very depressing to see such lack of enthusiasm and public spirit in the senior boys of our new school.

Nevertheless the total raised was a magnificent £1,814.00, enough for the 'bus and a garage - if we ever get planning permission.

The winning form was the girls of 5D, whose prize was a trip to Richmond Ice Rink in the minibuses. The individual prizes went to Miguel Blanco (£28.10) and Carolyn Yule (£27.25).

I would like to thank all the staff who helped with the organisation but most particularly all those who turned out to run and followed up with the far more arduous task of actually collecting in their sponsors' money!

C.D.

"WHAT I GAINED FROM COMMUNITY SERVICE"

Pupils taking the 'option' on Wednesday afternoons do so for many reasons but whether it is because of a genuine concern for others or just in the hope of a way out of games, they cannot fail to come away without a realisation of the problems of those less fortunate than themselves.

The impact is obviously greater on those helping at the Evelyn Fox School for the Mentally Handicapped but one need not 'throw oneself in at the deep end', indeed, the time spent helping the local old people is just as important and greatly valued.

Last year, I was mainly concerned with the preparation and distribution of Christmas parcels to the elderly. This gave me an insight into how these people feel about such efforts for their welfare. Some are too proud to accept charity, but for the majority, it was obviously one of the year's highlights since they could not thank us enough. For me, at least, those delighted faces certainly made it time well spent.

I only wish that our desk-renovation endeavours were appreciated as much.

J. JONES,

6₁ He

UNDER-14 BASKETBALL

We won our only match against Woodside. Our heaviest defeat was against Windsor Boys. Most matches were lost by 4 or 5 baskets. High scorers were Fox, Anderton, Reed and Santemano. Not surprisingly, no trophies were won.

UNDER-15 BASKETBALL

Basketball is Britain's fastest growing Sport, partly because of the television coverage of basketball on Channel 4.

We had a successful season, and added Delaney and Nivas to our old team (Carter, Farooq, Singh, Battoo, Basra, Stone, Saunders, Riaz and Gaynor).

We opened with a win against Woodside. Then against Orchard, we won again, though our defence was poor. Two more wins followed, both against Slough and Eton. Then we met our arch rivals L.V.S. at home and after a close battle managed to beat them 49-44.

These victories brought us to the climax, the Cup Final at the Montem Sports Centre against L.V.S. ('A' team this time). Farooq played excellently but we encountered foul trouble and L.V.S. won through the free shots they gained.

E. Gaynor represented the County against Milton Keynes. Our thanks to Messrs. Inger and Davis, especially for letting us practise in the gym at lunchtime.

E. GAYNOR

UNDER-16 BASKETBALL

After last year's good season under Mr. Kernaghan the Under-16's were looking forward to an excellent time

As expected we easily defeated Langley Grammar School in our first match and continued successfully in our next three until we met last year's Cup winners, Slough and Eton. The team battled hard in the discomfort provided by our hosts but was easily defeated.

After this disappointment (losing the League) we found new life and achieved good wins against Woodside and Windsor Boys'. But when the crunch game of the season came we once again let ourselves down and were easily beaten by L.V.S.

We should like to thank Mr. Davis and Mr. Inger for all their help.

The squad: Blanco (Capt.), Spence, Samways, Stylianou, De Souza, Gaynor, Battoo, Singh, Farooq and Stone.

M. BLANCO

UNDER-13 SOCCER

The season has been hard but enjoyable. We started in the League with a good 4-3 win against Woodside: but our next game was a 9-2 defeat by Langley Grammar, by far our hardest opponents. Then, despite injuries, we beat Licensed Victuallers' 2-1. Our last two matches were unfortunate: the first, against Herschel, we lost 6-2 and the second against St. Edwards we lost 2-1. We should have won.

In the Cup we played Burnham Grammar, then St. Edwards'. Against Burnham we went into extra time, the two well-taken goals by Jason Cameron assured us of victory. Against St. Edwards' we threw the game away, in ten minutes they destroyed our one goal lead.

Five-a-side results:

Beat Slough & Eton 3-0; drew with Westgate 1-1; lost to Langley Grammar School 2-1; beat Langleywood 1-0 in the quarter finals; lost to Dedworth 2-1 in the semi-finals.

Played 9: won 4: drew 0: lost 5:
Goals for: 15: goals against, 33.

UNDER-14 SOCCER

Although we finished with a Cup Runners-up Medal, we did not win many matches easily. Our heaviest defeat was by Langley Grammar (9-1). On our way to the Final we beat Burnham Secondary (3-0), Windsor Boys' (5-3) and Beechwood (5-2). We were less successful in the League.

In the final of the Bennet Cup we played Langley Grammar in a strong wind. At half-time we were 2-0 down; then in the second half Fox scored quickly. Then English picked up a poor back pass to equalise: and we were in command. Sadly, with under five minutes left, they were given a free-kick on the edge of the area. Instead of the expected shot at goal their man ran straight through our defence and scored.

Our squad: Tarn, Mandozzi, Inman, Edwards, Gordon, Barrea, Myhill, Fox (Capt.), Spence, Urie, English, Craddock, Lowe, Watts, Rice & Joy.

Myhill, Inman, Watts & Fox were chosen for the District, and Fox also was chosen for the County. Thanks, as always, to Mr. Kernaghan.

Played 13: Won 7: lost 4: drawn 2:
Goals against, 37.

N. FOX, 3D

UNDER-15 SOCCER

The U-15 had yet another successful season, winning another trophy this year - the League. After beating Burnham Grammar 5-3, Churchmead 5-1, Herschel 3-1 and Windsor Boys 6-1 we needed just 2 points from two games to win the League. In our hardest match, against Burnham Secondary, there was some very good football played. Both teams had goal chances but the match resulted in 0-0. In our last match we all knew exactly what to do and we beat Langleywood 3-0.

In the cup we were knocked out by a good Beechwood side 6-1.

Played 8: won 6: drew 1: lost 1. Points for, 29; against, 13.
The team would like to thank Mr. Cuthbert for his hard work this year.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Third and Fourth Year Party was held on Friday, 11th December at Twinches Lane.

There were three good disc-jockeys who played all types of music to suit everyone's taste. The invitations had to be bought before the party, not at the door. They were all 50p which was quite good value. All the Prefects helped to organise. The teachers contributed their time to this event and we would like to thank them. Miss Okon was among the teachers who enjoyed themselves and actually danced! The party helped us to get to know some of the Third Year boys with whom we shall soon be mixing. Everyone enjoyed it and we hope that there will be another one.

ELEANOR REDRUP. 3D

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A SKI-ING TRIP TO ITALY

February's school ski-ing trip was to Sella Nevea in North Eastern Italy. Early on the morning of February 13th, after a coach drive to Gatwick Airport, we were airborne by half past nine. We arrived at Marco Polo Airport, Venice, and four hours later we were high up in the Mountains at Sella Nevea.

Everyone had an enjoyable time and what was lacking in skill on the slopes was more than made up for in enthusiasm. After ten two-hour long ski-ing lessons, our instructors thought we had advanced sufficiently to ski the slalom and medals for this and badges were awarded on the last night of our stay. Eight days later we made an early start by coach for Venice and at half past one we were aboard the aeroplane. The coach drive from Gatwick took us by a very "scenic" route back to school where we arrived at half past five.

CLARE MEDLOW. 4B

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LIFE (A SONNET)

It's another day I thought, lying there,
Half asleep, half awake, just killing time,
Life to me was nothing, just like a mime.
I asked myself, where had my life gone, where?
I got up thinking, what a way to live,
Nothing to say, no one to say it to,
Nothing to think about, nothing to do,
Life is just like a sieve, a great big sieve.
Some of the people pass through easily,
Others have to struggle to make something,
They have no jobs to go to everyday.
They watch the others working busily,
They think of themselves, and hate everything.
What a way to live I thought, what a way.

Baljinder Hothi 2M

* * * * *

'FRIENDSHIP'

I had a friend and neighbour named Chris, three years my senior but small for his age. We went to the same school but because of the age gap, were only together once or twice a week outside school hours: he had friends of his own age. Chris had Irish parents and his rounded face and slight accent soon gave this away. We shared interests such as football, cricket and stamp collecting. We would often assemble with other local boys and play football or cricket in the park down the road or, if there were only a handful of us, in Chris's garden. Off the field of play, Chris and I would hardly ever argue or succumb to violence - if we did, the older and more experienced boy would hold the upper hand. This attitude was nowhere to be seen when we took part in sporting events. We were both very determined and competitive. As a consequence, tempers would often flare during a game.

One evening in late autumn, we were playing football in Chris's garden. It consisted of a strip of lawn running parallel with the corner-house and the drive, sandwiched between the house and a tall fence surrounding the dairy. A large pear tree stood at one end dominating the lawn and the row of rose bushes running alongside it. The old shed at the end of the drive had been recently demolished adding to the size of our football-pitch. The game itself soon became violent, even dangerous, as tempers began to flare. In a moment of anger I aimed a kick at Chris as he ran by. He fell heavily onto what seemed to be a harmless patch of ground where the shed once stood, but was soon writhing about in agony. He had gashed his leg on a small metal protusion (once part of the shed) and blood was oozing from the wound to form a bright patch on the concrete floor.

For a moment I stood dumbfounded but quickly regained my senses. I ran for help. My mother telephoned for an ambulance and rushed off to help. I could not believe what I had just done. I was annoyed, distressed and totally withdrawn. I could not return to the scene of my 'crime'. I plucked up courage and returned to the bustling garden. The ambulance pulled off as I arrived. In its wake people wandered around. I could hear my mother's distraught voice above the nervous chatter. People had blamed me for the cruel accident. I had not meant to hurt Chris, had I? Would he blame me? Would he ever forgive me?

After about a week, I decided to pay him a visit and face the consequences. My anxiety showed as I nervously said 'hello' and inquired about his health. To my surprise and pleasure he did not seem to blame me at all. He had had several stitches in his leg but was of good humour. He said that he had forgiven me, but the tone of his voice suggested something more sinister. We talked and joked for a while. Then my suspicions were confirmed. He told me that his mother did not want me to see Chris again. She planned to dig up their lawn and plant flower beds. I was stunned. I did not know what to say. Was it Chris's idea to ban me from their household? He seemed indifferent. I left the house slowly, deep in thought. I quickly comforted myself by assuring myself that it was just a passing phase, that we would soon be back to normal once more. But I was wrong.

After a few weeks Chris's leg was beginning to heal under the plaster. His mother was to be seen busily reshaping the garden. Time

/cont'd

'FRIENDSHIP' (cont'd)

passed and Chris was soon out and about. He began to assume a normal, usual lifetime. Usual that is, except for the weekly visits I would pay him. He never tried to communicate with me again. The day I left his house after visiting him in bed was the last time I would cross that threshold. To this day I can not believe the manner in which I lost my friend ... and neighbour. He soon left the village when he found a job as a travelling-salesman. He left without word - except for a note he sent me soon after. It was in a plain brown envelope, postage paid. It said, quite simply "I never did like you - Chris."

Simon Holdship

* * * * *

UNKNOWN FRIEND

I know,
I have an unknown Friend.
He's there when I
am all alone.
He talks to me
When all is silent.
Then suddenly amongst
my inner thoughts
His image is so clear.
Oh! Love me; Friend;
Protector; Comforter.
My private,
Omnipresent Peer!

Sharon Foster UV1S

* * * * *

RUNNING AWAY

In the morning, dressed up smart,
She left home for an early start.
Off she walked to catch a train,
Which would take her from Spring Lane.

She had money, more than enough,
But running away was going to be tough.
At home she left her little brother,
Her sister, her father and her mother.

Rosie, for that was her name,
Was tired of being blamed
Every time something went wrong,
'You did it Rosie' all day long.

Where was she to run away?
At her gran's she dare not stay.
For her gran would telephone
Her mother to take her back home.

But as Rosie walked away,
For at home she wouldn't stay,
She saw her mother carrying
The shopping that each week she'd bring.

It was only then that Rosie
Realised her life was cosy
Compared to her mum, who worked like a slave
To buy the things her family crave.

Rosie ran towards her mum,
A new life for Rosie had begun.
She'd carry the shopping and play with her brother,
Help her dad and help her mother.

Lizzie Seetharaman 3D

* * * * *

JOURNALISM CAN KILL!

Jim White was a fairly ordinary man in all respects. He was well-dressed but not too extravagant and was of medium height and build. At this present moment in time he was sitting on a park bench drinking the last dregs of whiskey from his bottle and murmuring to himself.

That morning he had turned up for work as usual at the "Globe" newspaper offices in New York to do his usual job of typing up the stories and then submitting them to the editor. However, things had not been going too well recently as his family had left him and he had taken to the bottle and in consequence he could not concentrate on his work. This particular morning he had been called to the editor's office.

"Jim," he said "I have some bad news for you."

Jim did not reply as he knew what was coming.

"I know how bad you feel because your wife and children have left you but I cannot afford to have people in my newspaper office who keep making mistakes and not keeping up with deadlines. I have no other choice but to terminate your employment!"

Now he threw his bottle over the grass and cursed his boss as loud as he could. Suddenly his glazed eyes caught an advertisement in the help and wanted column. It read:-

Able journalist needed for small town newspaper.
Apply personally to 13, King's Way, Iselbar, North Dakota.

He could not believe it. He read the advertisement again and again. He hoped that once, just once in his life he could be lucky and start work again.

The next afternoon he arrived in Iselbar. It was quite a small town with only about seven hundred inhabitants. It was surrounded with a mountainous terrain and the sun was beating down on the road softening the tarmac.

White parked the car outside the house and smartened himself up in his rear view mirror. All the time he was saying that he would get the job easily. He walked up the stairs to the front door. He then rang the doorbell.

A tall man answered the door. He was very thin and his face looked quite jovial. However, his eyes were as grey as stone and looking into his eyes gave the appearance of deep pools that had a look of malice in them.

White later found out that the man's name was O'Brien, Tom O'Brien. He also discovered that the man was half Irish and half American and was also now his new boss.

For the first few months everything went well and there was quite a lot of local news to write about but as it was only a small town news slackened off and only petty things were available. Profits dropped

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JOURNALISM CAN KILL! cont'd

and things were becoming worse and worse. Then one afternoon O'Brien told White to get into the car.

O'Brien drove around aimlessly for about an hour but then he suddenly saw a woman crossing the street. The street was deserted and not a soul was in sight apart from the woman. Suddenly, there was a surge of acceleration and power as the car threw itself forward. O'Brien was crouched over the wheel like a man possessed as he steered the car towards the woman. There was a sickening, soft thud as the woman flew over the top of the car and landed motionless behind them. White felt sick.

The reporting of that story of the mad hit-and-run driver and the events following sold out all of the copies over the following eleven weeks but the news slackened off once more.

White's curiosity was aroused and one night while finishing a news item he idly leafed through some back issues of the newspaper. Then to his horror he was confronted by the headline:-

ASSISTANT EDITOR OF LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOUND MURDERED IN HOME.

At this he read the article and found that the man had been shot. He decided that this was how the job became vacated and that O'Brien definitely had something to do with the killing.

A few weeks later O'Brien went to his gun cupboard that was kept locked in the corner and took out a double barrelled shotgun.

"Surely he will not kill me. It would be too obvious," thought White. Suddenly his train of thought was broken by O'Brien telling him to go to the car.

After half an hour driving, they eventually reached the mountains about thirty miles from Iselbar. White was perspiring freely now, partially due to the heat and partially due to the feeling of fear in his stomach.

O'Brien stopped the car about half way up the mountain pass and then descended onto the dusty track. White then saw an old man coming from the mountains via a small footpath.

"He cannot murder me now, not with a witness" thought White. Then his eardrums were almost ripped open when there was suddenly the noise of both barrels of a shotgun being fired. White turned round just in time to see the old man collapse to the floor, with a huge cavity in his chest, and lie face down in a pool of his own blood. White was revolted and vomited violently out of the car window. That story with all of its murder trials and interviews with the family of the old prospector kept the newspaper selling for five months but then once again news items slackened off.

It was two weeks' later that they drove in the car again. This time O'Brien drove to a lake a few miles from Iselbar and got out of the car. He went to where White was standing at the other side of the car and murmured to him:-

"We have not had a drowning yet."

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JOURNALISM CAN KILL! cont'd

White felt his stomach turn over and he was just about to run when he felt the knife pointing in his back. He kicked backwards and threw O'Brien off balance. There was a brief struggle and he slumped to the ground dead.

The headline next morning told the whole story.

LOCAL NEWSPAPER EDITOR FOUND STRANGLED AT THE EDGE OF LAKE MISOTA.

White laughed and poured himself a whiskey to celebrate his new editorship.

Gary Radburn 6 He
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AT THE EXHIBITION.

It was going to be an exciting day. Dad and I had been talking of going to see the "Motor Show" at Earl's Court for weeks, and now we were actually going to go. Steve, one of my school friends, had seemed quite interested when I had invited him to come along with us. On phoning him up an hour before we were due to leave for London, this interest had turned into a firm decision to come.

When we arrived, all three of us were amazed at the size of the building. Having parked the car we had to queue for ages before we were actually let in. Once inside all three of us were astounded by the size of the place. It seemed much, much bigger inside than it had from the outside. We were also amazed by the varied amount of stands for all the big and small car companies. We immediately started to move around the show, hopping from stand to stand. It was when we got to a famous manufacturer's stand that it happened. Whereas Dad was concentrating mainly on examining the cars, Steve and I were more interested in collecting leaflets, information and brochures. Both of us were standing near the Volvo stand, where a pretty young sales assistant was handing out large scale diagrams of the company's latest model;

"Shall we get a couple of those posters?", said Steve.
"I tell you what, you stay here and I'll get them", I replied.

Unfortunately a crowd with the same idea in mind had now massed around the blue oblong desk. I pushed my way into the crowd of people, and taking advantage of my small size I wormed my way through to the posters. My hand was just within reach of the pile of multi-coloured technical diagrams, and as I felt the constricting pressure of the multitude on each side of me, I reached out to grab one ...

I tore myself away gripping the crumpled poster, the heat almost overwhelming me. As I came back to the open space where I had told Steve to wait for me I was gulping in great amounts of fresh air, trying to get my breath back. But there was no sign of Steve, or Dad for that matter, as he had been examining a car which was on display. All the things which had been capturing my attention previously now seemed distant as panic overwhelmed me. The many television display units and sales representatives blaring out technical data faded into the background as the fear of being lost gripped my whole body. I stood in the open space as if everybody was watching me, as if I was in a spotlight. People brushed past me and bumped into me as I stood there, my mind a blank. I dared not move for fear of falling over. My head swam, my legs felt like jelly and a cold sweat came out on my back.

Slowly I realised I had to do something as my confidence came back. I twisted round to see if I could see either Steve or Dad, but they were nowhere in sight. I felt confident enough to move now without falling flat on my face. I started methodically touring the stand, searching around in every display for the pair I had lost. I walked around the section which advertised spare parts and accessories for the cars, and also around many of the immaculately painted and furnished new models. Many times I thought I had seen them, but on rushing up, I discovered only strangers. I was beginning to become disheartened again, a violent urge to be sick rising in my throat.

I decided, in utter hopelessness, to move on to the next stand. I was rapidly turning from a cold sweat into a hot, flustered sensation. Suddenly a thought struck me in my dazed and confused state. Would it

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AT THE EXHIBITION. cont'd.

not be better to return to where Dad had parked the car? They would be bound to find me there. In my excitement I hurried, swinging in a 180° circle to head back to the entrance-exit to the Earl's Court centre. Rushing past the endless sea of faces, I thought of nothing but the goal of Dad's car. Suddenly my body received a colossal blow. Stunned and winded I found myself on the floor entangled in somebody's arms and legs.

We both raised ourselves from the floor:

"Steve!" I cried. Indeed it was Steve. I was so overjoyed that I almost wept. Steve stood there, not comprehending the grin of unreasonable happiness spreading across my face. He looked blankly at me, and I followed his gaze as it settled on my hand. I looked at my own hand. In it I still clutched the poster, now torn, battered and crumpled. "You've only got one poster!" said Steve.

L. Iacobucci. 6₂He.

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THE LIE DETECTOR.

"You're on it!" I shouted in accusation. My friend denied the charge and a childish argument progressed. The quarrel caught the attention of some older boys, who began to converge around us, then I heard shouts of "Fight! Fight!" around me. I had no desire for a public brawl but I felt the decision of the masses. More from fear than anger, I threw the first punch. My opponent parried; the fight commenced amidst bloodthirsty cries from the "audience". Then above the bellicose shouts, came another cry, "Quick! Teacher!". The crowd rapidly dispersed as if I were diseased. I was left isolated in the middle of the playground. I could taste a salty-red substance flowing from my lips. I saw a figure larger than a child approaching me. I wanted to run but my fear held me frozen to the spot. "You've been fighting haven't you?" he asked, "I...I...I...", I stammered but the words would not come out. "We'll see what the Head has to say about this!" he exclaimed.

Upon hearing the word "head" my eyes widened. I could feel my heart pounding away as if it would burst any minute. I had never been to the "head" before and I anticipated such a meeting as an appointment with the devil, such was my fear. The nearer I came to his office the more strongly was my desire to run. "You wait here," pronounced the teacher as he entered the headmaster's study. A dentist's waiting room held less fear for me than the hall adjacent to the headmaster's room.

The waiting lasted a few minutes but it seemed an eternity. "Come in, Holroyd!" a gruff voice resounded. I felt as a prisoner called out to face the lions for Nero's pleasure; my whole being wanted to run, but there could be no escape. I entered the ogre's dining room. My once rosy cheeks had turned a deathly pale, drained of that salty-red, life-sustaining substance I had tasted a few minutes earlier. Icy fingers, conjured up by my own vivid imagination,

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THE LIE DETECTOR cont'd

trickled down my spine. It was late autumn, the heating was low, nevertheless beads of sweat surfaced on my brow and hands. Entering apprehensively, a floorboard creaked beneath my foot. I stood transfixed as though my feet had taken root. A cane lay on the desk, symbolising a trident. I could sense the head sitting at the desk but I dared not look. "Sit down!" he exclaimed, indicating a chair, whilst he himself arose towering above me. "Why were you fighting?" he asked. Looking into my lap, I imagined his eyes glaring fiercely at me, like two red hot coals. Timidly, I replied "I..I..I wasn't," then realising my impoliteness added "sir." As if having an in-built lie-detector, the head rebuked my answer. Sponge-like I absorbed his disciplinary words, hardly daring to breathe or move lest I incur his wrath. His sentences failed to register in my mind. Fear obliterated all my thoughts except the desire to flee, thus when he asked "would one hundred lines be suitable punishment?" he had to prompt me several times. He then showed me to the door warning me to stay away from trouble.

It was still break and I wandered into the playground feeling light and energetic as though a burden had been lifted from my shoulders. Once more a crowd gathered around me, enthusiastically asking, "What happened? What happened?". Feeling a new sense of importance, I felt it unwise to tell them I escaped with a few lines, a trivial punishment. Thus when I was asked whether I was caned I said, "Yes, three times!". The bell rang, as though some external force had operated a lie-detector.

Once we had settled down, the teacher introduced the lesson, "Today we shall talk about punishment; as you may know the headmaster of this school, stopped corporal punishment here in 1960." Not understanding the word "corporal", and wishing to attract more attention, I asked the meaning of the word. The teacher answered, "It simply means that the headmaster hasn't caned anyone since 1960." All eyes focused upon me my face once drained, was suddenly victim of an onslaught of that salty-red life-sustaining substance.

J. Holroyd 6₂G

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THE ROLLING SEA

The white foam rolls into the sandy beach,
The green beast lumbers all over itself,
Tossing, tumbling a boat on its great self.
The tiny vessel will now never reach.

Struggling, struggling against the great white waves,
Jumping, jerking over the murky seas,
The giant monster toys with it at ease.
The men in that boat are helpless as slaves.

Slowly, slowly the sea begins to die,
The cluds hush as the sun shows its glory.
The fishing boat stops its dance and its jig,
The sun spreads its rays all over the sky.
This is not the end of the story,
The men's boat got back and their catch was big!

Graham Cowles 2M

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